

The Sketch

No. 720.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1906.

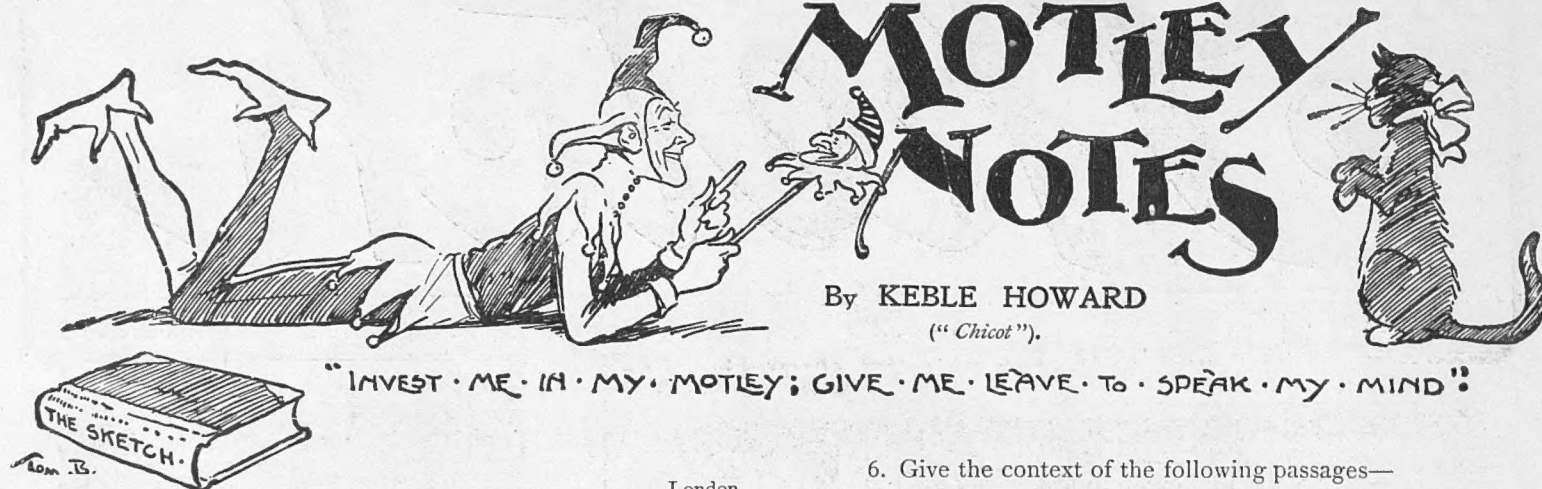
SIXPENCE.



"TUMTI No. 2": MISS MARION DRAUGHN, WHO BROUGHT AN ACTION FOR ALLEGED BREACH OF PROMISE AGAINST MR. HEINRICH THYSSEN LAST WEEK.

On Thursday of last week Miss Marion Draughn began an action for damages for alleged breach of promise against Mr. Heinrich Thyssen, the son of a wealthy German steel magnate. In the course of evidence, it was stated that, in one letter at all events, Mr. Thyssen described himself as "Tumti No. 1" and Miss Draughn as "Tumti No. 2." Miss Draughn, whose real name is Settle, is the daughter of a Judge of the United States District Court in North Florida, now dead, and is the young actress who, after having appeared in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Rip van Winkle" with Mr. Tree, played the Fairy Queen in "Water Babies," and was afterwards seen at Daly's, where she was in "A Country Girl." A number of interesting names were mentioned in court.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London.

A Lesson in Altruism.

Is it really true, as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is never tired of asserting, that the people of this country do not take an intelligent interest in contemporary drama? For my own part, I cannot believe it. The vogue of the Court Theatre, and the phenomenal success of Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order," would alone go to prove that an enormous number of people carry their brains with them to the playhouse. And, anyway, Mr. Jones will do no good by talking. Educated folk will not rush off to the theatre any the faster because Mr. Jones is cross with them. The only way to get people to the theatre is to give them a good entertainment, intellectual or otherwise according to their tastes; and Mr. Jones can do it. In the meantime, I propose to further this noble cause by setting you, friend the reader, an examination-paper. In order to answer the questions, you may go to as many theatres as you like (always provided that you pay), ask as many questions (of other people) as you like, and buy any plays you like. Replies should be sent in not later than the last day of November, and will be forwarded to me from *The Sketch* office. As I am embarking on this rash scheme single-handed, please be as brief as possible. My decision will be final, and I shall give a little prize. Mr. Jones, if he wishes to do so, may enter.

CLASS I.

(For Candidates of all Ages.)

1. (a) From what work did Mr. Pinero take the title of his new play?
(b) Has Filmer Jesson a counterpart in religious or profane history?
2. Sum up, briefly, the main idiosyncrasies of the following characters: Roebuck Ramsden, Pasquale, Pryce Ridgeley, Pendennis, Mr. Gilwattle, Father Ferrati, Hugo de Longespée, and Cresphontes.
3. Give the context of the following passages—
(a) "Where any word or act admits of more than one construction, it is generally safe to put the worst upon it."
(b) "I want no middle-class properties and no middle-class women for Hector."
(c) "The highest common factor of a hundred women is far greater than that of a hundred men."
4. It has been said that the supreme test of the art of acting is versatility. Examine this statement, giving your reasons for or against.
5. Write a brief critique of "Man and Superman" in the styles of (a) Mr. William Archer, (b) Mr. W. L. Courtney, (c) Mr. Walkley, (d) Mr. Stead.

CLASS II.

(For Candidates under Twenty-Five Years of Age.)

1. When did you first fall in love with Mr. Lewis Waller?
2. You have often said that Miss Marion Terry is "too sweet for words." Endeavour to express in words, however, the reasons for your justifiable admiration.
3. How would you go to the Royalty Theatre from Charing Cross—(a) driving, (b) walking, (c) running? Maps may be submitted, but are not essential.
4. Why do they call Miss Camille Clifford a "Gibson Girl"? Do you think she is annoyed about it?
5. In what play does the leading comedian introduce a pig to the dinner-table? Was his host justified in ordering him out of the house?

6. Give the context of the following passages—

- (a) "A woman's tongue—who cares about a blow from that? She has nothing else to hit with, bless her!"
- (b) "Life is like a motor-omnibus."
- (c) "Do you know anything of your master's whereabouts?"
- (d) "When I am so ugly you will not want me, so it is no use falling in love with you."
- (e) "Read to 'er! That's a nice way ter cheer a body up!"

7. Explain what is meant by the following terms—

- (a) Fluffing.
- (b) Mugging.

8. Have you ever refused to remove your hat at a matinée? If so, state, without heat, your reasons for attaching your hair to your hat instead of to your head.

CLASS III.

(For Candidates Under Seventeen Years of Age.)

1. How many times have you asked Mr. Seymour Hicks to autograph a portrait of Mr. Stanley Brett?
2. Make a long list of the people you thoroughly detest, beginning with the aunt who took you to see a Shaksperian play instead of "The Belle of Mayfair."
3. Would you rather be (a) the Princess of Wales or (b) Miss Phyllis Dare? Give your reasons for naming the latter, and reduce your answer to tears of mortification.
4. Who says, and in what play, "To die would be a tremendous adventure"? Explain what is meant by this, and whether you agree with the sentiment.
5. Can you, without discomfort, eat chocolates and cry at the same time? In which theatres have you achieved this feat?
6. Can you imagine a time when there was no such person as Mr. Martin Harvey? If so, draw a picture of the world at that period. (If not, you may miss this question. There will be no marks for it.)
7. On what occasions are the following lines spoken—
(a) "Robin, Robin, why *will* you sing?"
(b) "The cow that lows the most doesn't always milk the most."
(c) "'I don't care a jot if they do so or not,' said I!"
(d) "Tira-lira!"
8. When your breaking-up theatricals come off, do you honestly think that Jessie Pickering will make a better Hamlet than Mr. Forbes-Robertson? And what does Jessie herself think?

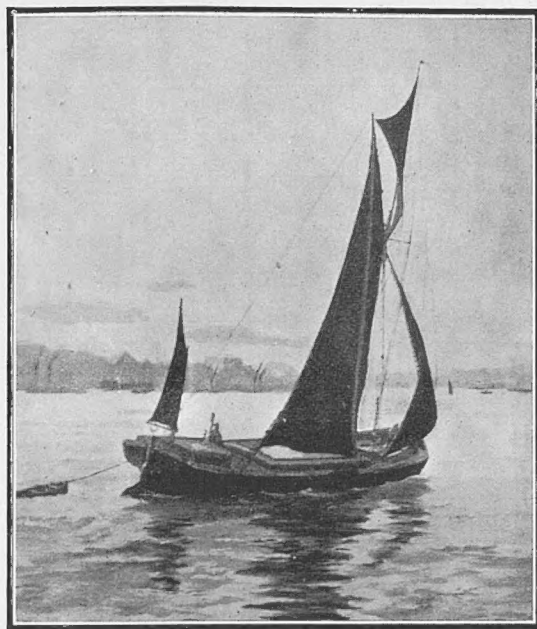
GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Arrange your papers in order, and fasten them together at the left-hand top corner.
2. Do not attempt to answer *all* the questions. I couldn't.
3. Each set of replies must be accompanied by a portrait of the competitor and a baptismal certificate. Any candidate failing to comply with this regulation will be horribly disqualified.
4. Don't be cross.

A Mystery Explained.

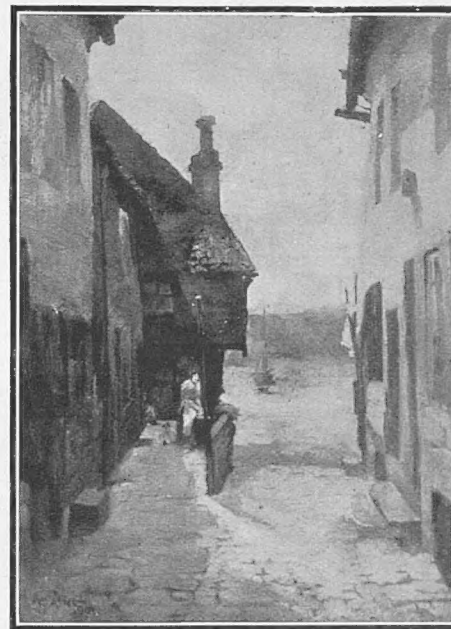
A writer in an evening paper, in criticising a new play, says: "Both young men, it may be noted in passing, keep their trousers turned up in Ethel's drawing-room, presumably to mark their possession of that volatile quality known as the 'artistic temperament.'" This means, as I understand it, that the writer would like us all to wear our trousers turned down except when out-of-doors on a muddy day. Does he not realise that trousers are turned up for the same reasons that collars are turned down and cuffs turned back? Would he approve of a man who walked into a drawing-room with his collar about his ears and his cuffs over his wrists? I pause for a reply.

THE "R.A.s" OF THE G.P.O.: PICTURES BY POSTMEN.

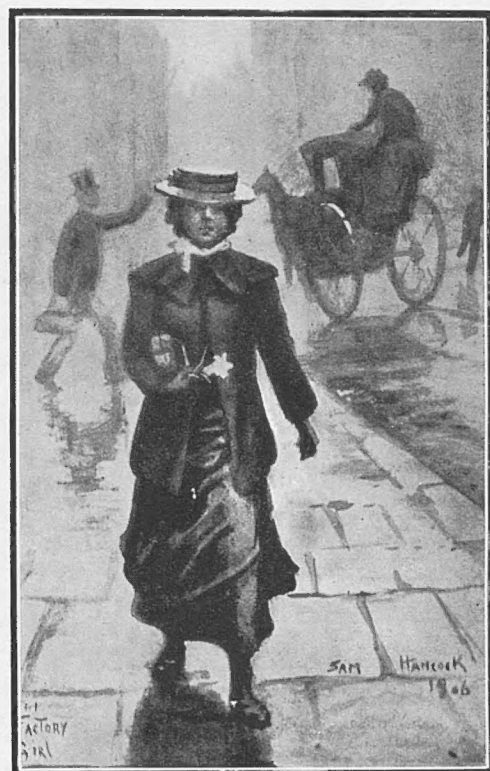


"FRESH AND COOL: A THAMES STUDY" (OIL), BY A. W. HIGHAM, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, C.T.O.

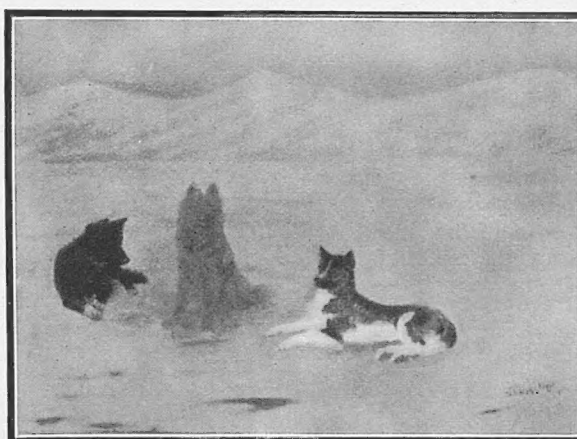
*The First
Exhibition
of the
G.P.O. Art
Club.*



"TINGHANT-WHITBY" (OIL), BY L. A. PAYNE, CONTROLLER'S OFFICE, E.C.



"THE FACTORY GIRL" (WATER-COLOUR), BY SAM HANCOCK, POSTMAN, E.C.D.O.



"DISCOVERY'S" DOGS IN WINTER QUARTERS" (WATER-COLOUR), BY J. JOYCE, SORTER, MOUNT PLEASANT POST OFFICE.

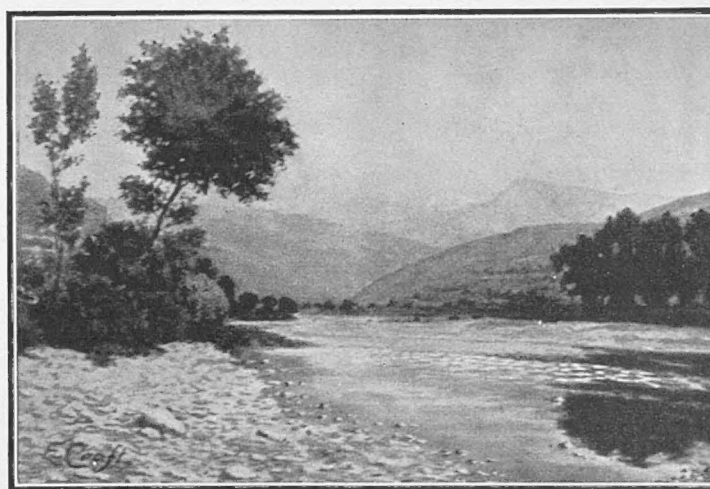
THE G.P.O. Art Club, which was established in February of this year for the purpose of bringing together officers of all grades in the postal service who are interested in art, held their first exhibition at the Bungalow, Mount Pleasant Factory, Clerkenwell, last week. Seventy-three oil and water-colours were exhibited, and seventy-five black-and-white drawings or artistic photographs.



"A LONDON STREET CHARACTER" (DRAWING), BY J. K. BELL, SORTER.



"SUNSET-DORKING" (OIL), BY W. A. MOODY, SORTER, I.S.

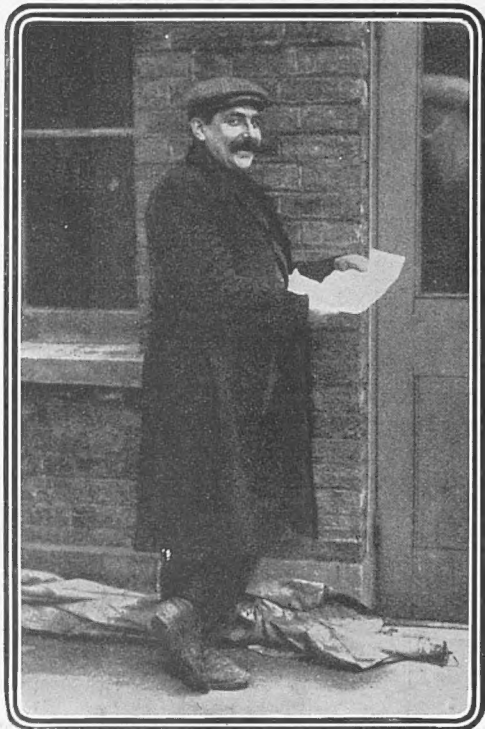


"A LIGURIAN VALLEY" (OIL), BY E. CRAFT, I.S.

THE CLUBMAN.

Mutinies I have Seen—A Pitchfork Mutiny—A "Cape Smoke" One—Lunatics and Prisoners.

FAR too much fuss has been made by Press and public over the disturbances at Portsmouth. The men who were troublesome were only half disciplined, and the hour they spent in the canteen made their grievances appear very large to them. Nearly every man who has been for any length of time in either of the Services could tell tales of sudden resistance to discipline, generally when men have had more liquor than is good for them, and of the sudden collapse of such resistance. To use the word "mutiny" is to give a very serious name to a not very serious act, and in nine cases out of ten the men are heartily ashamed afterwards of what they have done.



THE RAIN OF GOLD AND NOTES IN COVENT GARDEN: MR. GEORGE MULLINS, WHO RECEIVED £100 FOR HIMSELF AND HIS "PALS."

Mr. William Yates, a native of Blackburn, visited Covent Garden Market the other day, and caused much excitement by giving away notes and gold. George Mullins, a porter, received £100 in notes, and was told to share it with his "pals," while two other porters received £5 apiece. Two newsboys got 15s. 6d. and 5s. respectively; a Jewish pedlar received £3 for three handkerchiefs; the man who wrapped these up was given £1; and passers-by, newsboys, porters and others also received gifts. To an interviewer, Mr. Yates said that he is not giving away any more money just now; but it may be noted that seven years or so ago he did much the same thing outside the Royal Thames Yacht Club. His donations the other day amounted in all to some £105.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

talked to them, the doors were unlocked, and the men, still growling, fell in on parade. We, in the other barracks, were told that when our daily work was done we might go our own sweet ways as usual in mufti; there was a court-martial on a couple of men—a court-martial which I attended, I remember, "for instruction"; but I have no doubt that a confidential order went the round of all the batteries stating that drivers were not to be forced to burnish their pitchforks—the said burnishing being an unnecessary striving after the highest point of smartness.

Two little mutinies, though to use the word is almost ridiculous, I had to deal with myself, and in neither case was any record left of them either in the Press—for there was no Press where they happened—or in the defaulters books. It was my good fortune when Sir Theophilus Shepstone governed in the Transvaal, a quarter of a century ago, to ride over a great portion of that land of gold and diamonds, on a roving commission, to show the flag, with a troop of mounted infantry behind me. They were splendid fellows, my men; we had been through all kinds of adventures together, and I liked them immensely, and I think that the liking was warmly returned. Coffee and biltong and biscuit were generally our food when marching, for we travelled very light; but whenever we came to a village where "Cape smoke" and other drinks of the country were to be bought, I had to look out for squalls.

I used to go personally to all the storekeepers, tell them that the men were fresh from the veldt, and ask them not to serve them with any quantity of drink that would hurt them. Most of the storekeepers were good fellows, and carried out their promises; but there was almost always one who cared nothing for the honour of the scarlet coat, and wanted to rake in all the money possible; and though I

took every precaution I sometimes, before I got away from a town, had a very difficult set of men to deal with. On the occasion of the "mutiny," the men had saddled-up, half of them half-seas-over; but delay after delay occurred, and I wondered what was the reason. I discovered that soon enough—a little Kaffir boy, his shirt bulging out with the bottles he was carrying under it. The bottles were broken by my order, and half-a-dozen angry men, who ought not to have come up to me without a non-commissioned officer, were round me, asking what right I had to destroy what they had paid for. The moment was an awkward one; but it passed, and I got my troop off into the veldt again. Next day, I talked the matter over with the culprits, asked them if they wanted to go back to their regiments with a bad crime recorded against them, and six very contrite men with very aching heads asked that they might be forgiven, and gave their word—which, to my intense surprise, they kept—to swear off all spirits for six months.

My other mutiny had its comic side. I was Adjutant on board a hired transport taking a very mixed lot of men, mostly time-expired, home from Hong-Kong to England. One little body of men consisted of alleged lunatics being sent home as unfit. They were no more lunatics than are any of us who consider ourselves sane; but when a soldier in the Far East becomes home-sick and can get to England in no other way, he does so by shamming lunacy. Another little band were prisoners, real ruffians. They looked at me when I first went into their compartment, and I felt that a trial of strength would soon come. It came the third day out. It was reported to me that the prisoners refused to clear out their cabin cells. My commanding officer on board was an invalid, and I did not want him to be worried, so I thought I would try and settle the matter myself. I had the prisoners handcuffed, so that they could do no harm to anyone, and sent the "lunatics" in to clean the cells. The "lunatics" were equal to the occasion, capered and made faces and sang, but did the necessary work. Then the prisoners were set free again. From the upper deck the men, looking down an air-shaft, could see the performance. The next morning the same events occurred, to the accompaniment of



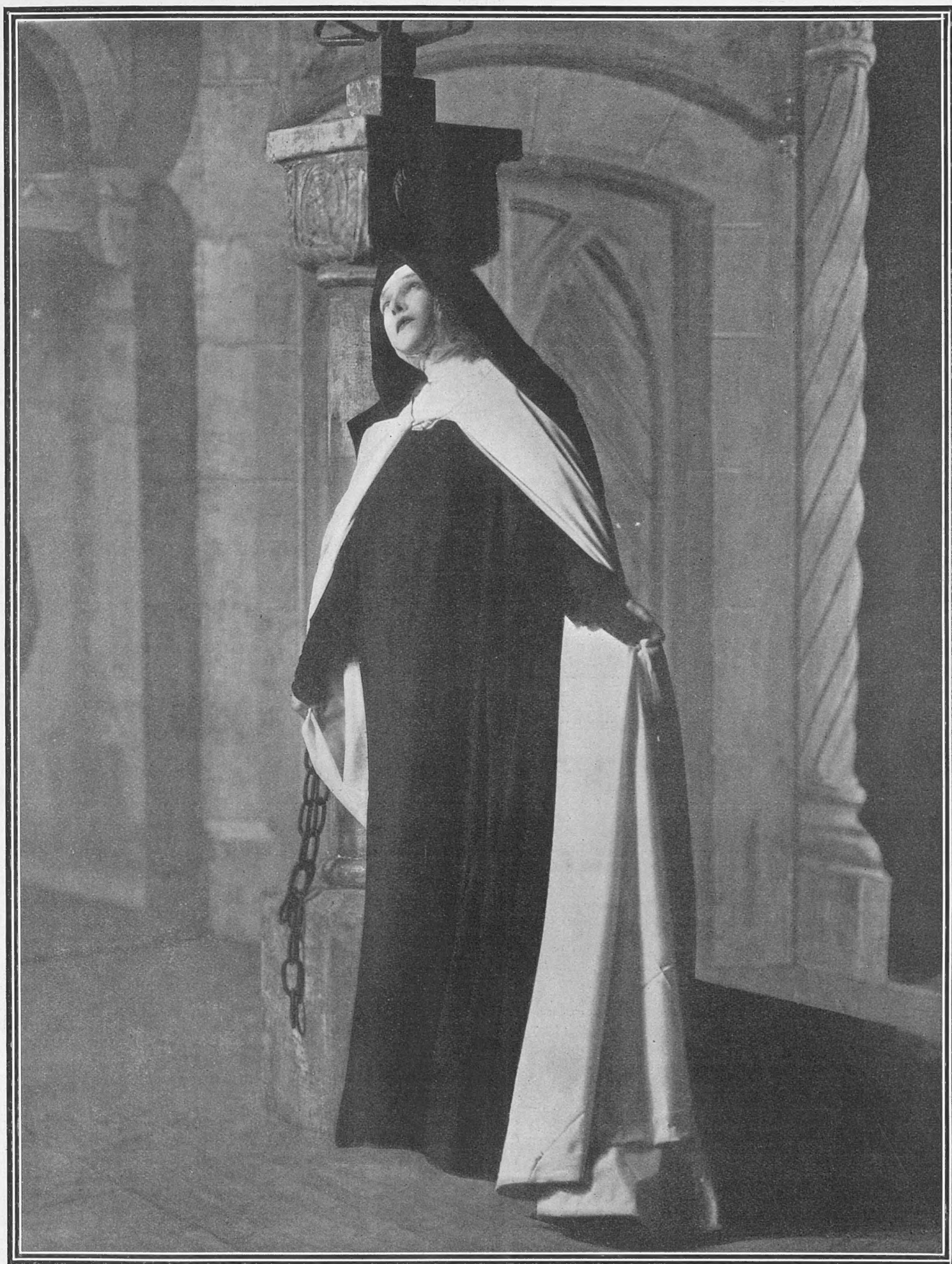
THE PASSING OF A WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN: THE LATE MR. MARK KINGHORNE.

By the unexpected death of Mr. Mark Kinghorne, on Sunday last, the stage lost a comedian of ripe experience and much merit. Mr. Kinghorne will be best remembered, perhaps, by his Snecy Hobart in "The Little Minister," by his MacTodd in the dramatic version of "Captain Kettle," and by the delightful Scotch waiter he played at the Criterion, but in his time he appeared in many other important rôles, always with success. He was born in 1850, and made his first appearance in 1867, when he carried a spear in a burlesque of "Pygmalion" at the Strand. Our photograph shows him as Sir Gavin Mackenzie, M.D., in "The Garden of Lies."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

roars of laughter from above. Early the third morning I was told that the prisoners wished to see me. They were anxious to clean out their cells themselves, they said. Ridicule had broken down their stubbornness, and we were quite on the best of terms for the rest of the voyage.

"LA VIERGE D'AVILA."



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AS SAINTE THÉRÈSE IN CATULLE MENDÈS' "SAINTE THÉRÈSE, LA VIERGE D'AVILA,"
AT THE THÉÂTRE SARAH-BERNHARDT.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt returned to the Paris stage after an absence of some months on Saturday last, when she produced M. Catulle Mendès' "Sainte Thérèse: la Vierge d'Avila," playing the title-rôle herself. The famous actress met with much success, and was called many times after each curtain. The play, which is in verse, is in five acts and nine tableaux.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of “The Sketch,”
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detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to “The Sketch” should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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Nov. 14, 1906.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen are entertaining their Sovereign son-in-law and Queen daughter in splendid fashion, and a series of brilliant entertainments have been organised in honour of their visit. Windsor Castle has been greatly improved since the accession; the private apartments now vie in stateliness and har-

monious beauty with those of any palace in Europe, and King Haakon and Queen Maud are of course being lodged in the historic suite where so many European Sovereigns less fortunate than they appear to be have enjoyed England's hospitality. During the whole of this week groups of distinguished guests are succeeding one another at the Castle, and many of Queen Maud's early friends will be able to see her invested in all the dignities of the highest of all royal ranks.

The New Knight. It was but fitting that William John Lancaster should rise Sir William at King's Lynn. He was born there, he was educated there—at the very grammar-school he has so richly endowed—and there lie many interests of his life. Many, but by no means all. He is lord of the manor and patron of the living of East Winch, King's Lynn, but he has also a residence on Putney Hill, "South Lynn," and in the neighbourhood of that, too, he is well known. The district owes to him a Church hall, an art school, and St. Mary's Recreation Rooms; and the local National school, a classroom for carpentry. A few years back he was Mayor of Wandsworth, and his term of office was marked by the gift of a recreation-ground of three acres to the borough and another of a library to much-maligned Tooting.

Sir William had a long spell of work as secretary of the Prudential Assurance Company, and is now on its board. His official duties he contrives to combine with those of a life governor of Lynn Grammar School, a vice-president of the council of the Southwark Diocesan Society, governor of Christ's Hospital, and a liveryman of the Carpenters', Loriners', and Musicians' Companies. He is also a noted Freemason, P.M. of Emulation Lodge No. 21.

A Picturesque Provincial Lord Mayor.

The beautiful city of York enjoys in her new civic chief a picturesque personality. Mr. W. Bentley, the new Lord Mayor, served three years as Sheriff, and

A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: MR. W. BENTLEY, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF YORK.

Those familiar with the appearance of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to this country, will not fail to see the great facial resemblance that exists between that popular diplomat and the new Lord Mayor of York.

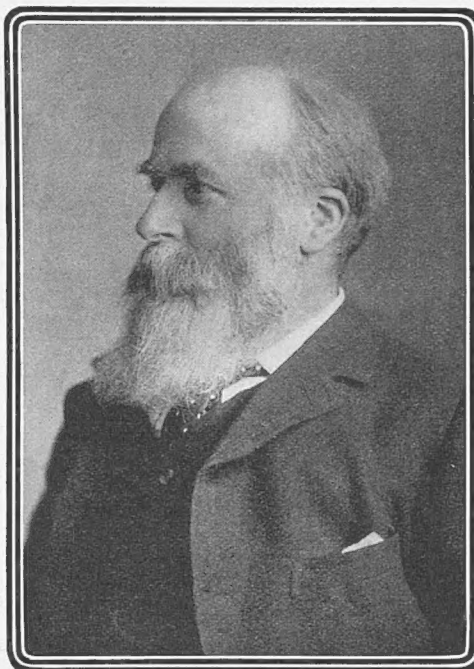
Photograph by Debenham.

he takes a very active part in promoting the welfare of what some people consider the quaintest and most unspoilt of our minster cities. Mr. Bentley bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

The Zoaques. We will forgive you for not

knowing what they are. They are a new tribe invented by a young Parisian dramatist, Sacha Guitry to wit. Sacha is the son of the well-known actor, M. Lucien Guitry, and he is another example of precocious talent. He is only twenty-four, but he has already got the ear of the theatre public. He has written several sprightly little comedies, and "Les Zoaques" is the sprightliest of them all. So light and sparkling is it that at the end of the three acts you have

really to consider what it is all about, so little of it is left. It is like the froth on a brimming glass of champagne—like the bloom on the peach, only perhaps not quite so innocent as that. Sacha, for his years, knows an uncommon amount about human nature, and especially feminine nature. The Zoaques are a tribe which inhabit the Island of the Roses. You may search in vain for the island on the map; you will not find it, because it is not there. However, its inhabitants have some strange social tricks. Nobody is married in that happy land; the wives float about from flower to flower like butterflies. No one has any property in them. And so, you see, when a lightsome lady exhibits the same tendencies, she is just called a Zoaque.



KNIGHTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT KING'S LYNN: SIR W. J. LANCASTER, DONOR OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry

of Commons. It was in those days that Mr. Ernest Beckett, as he then was, fought a gallant fight for Rodin, and that genius owes the wide recognition he has since obtained in British art circles in a great measure to Lord Grimthorpe. This new-century Peer is also an authority on China. He visited the Celestial kingdom some years ago, and thoroughly mastered the peculiar political situation at Peking.

The New Scottish Representative Peer.

The new Scottish representative Peer, the Earl of Rothes, holds a title dating from the middle of the fifteenth century. He is still, and not only from the Parliamentary point of view, a "youngster," for he was born in 1877, and only succeeded in 1893. Seven years later, he married Lucy Noël Martha, the only child of Mr. Thomas Dyer-Edwards, of Prinknash Park, Gloucester. His only son, Lord Leslie, is five next February.



A PEER WHO DID NOT SWEAR BEFORE VOTING, AND BECAME LIABLE TO FINES OF £8000: LORD GRIMTHORPE.

Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Manners, Lord Clements, and Lord Armstrong voted in certain divisions during the present session without having previously taken the oath, and their action has caused a good deal of discussion.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A New Countess. The new Countess of Cranbrook is, of course, better known by her old name of Lady Medway. As the wife of the late Peer died some nine years ago, the new Peeress will share her title with no one else. Lady Cranbrook will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of her marriage next June. She was Miss Cicely Ridgway, and during the years that her husband was in Parliament, she was, of course, a notable figure in London political society. As Lady Medway, she also shared her husband's interest in all that appertains to country life, and she was a devoted mother to her six children, of whom three are sons and three daughters. The new Earl and Countess may be said to belong to the more old-fashioned section of the great nobility, and their second son is married to Lord and Lady Derby's only daughter, while the eldest, who now becomes Lord Medway, is married to a daughter of Lord Glasgow.

A Unique Tille. The gifted Ranees of Sarawak is, in spite of her Eastern title, a typical English grande dame, of commanding presence and wide range of accomplishments. Her Highness, who is the sister of the well-known traveller, Mr. Harry de Windt, married Rajah Sir Charles Brooke some thirty odd years ago, and she and her husband went out to Sarawak, where they had many exciting and interesting adventures. Lady Brooke—to give her her alternate title—has exceptional artistic taste, and she was the first woman in Society who became an adept in the art of jewel-setting and enamelling. Of cosmopolitan tastes, she lived for a long time in Italy, and when there she showed her loyalty and great-hearted nature by her unbounded kindness to the wife of the ill-starred genius who wrote

"Lady Windermere's Fan." The fact deserves to be chronicled, as such loyalty is somewhat rare.

Lord Rosebery's Compliment.

Lord Rosebery, who is to unveil in Edinburgh on Friday the memorial to the Scots Greys who fell in South Africa, is well liked by all journalists, but by those of the Scottish Athens in particular. His popularity with them cannot have been unfavourably effected by a little incident at a dinner there a few years ago. During the evening an Edinburgh journalist sang a song extremely well. Lord Rosebery's enjoyment of the performance was genuine. He took up his wine-card, scribbled on it, and passed along to the executant the following note—"You

have, I know, often had to listen to me, but never before have I had the opportunity of listening to you. I have derived more pleasure from your fine effort than I am sure you ever did from anything you ever heard me utter." The compliment was the better worth having from the fact that Lord Rosebery is a sound judge of music.

The Kaiser's Favourite Pipe. The Emperor William possesses a favourite pipe,

which is a masterpiece of carving, even in Germany, where pipes are so wonderfully carved. It represents a grouse standing upright, ready for a fight with another cock, and on the stem is the "W" which shows who its owner is. The servant who looks after the Emperor's pipes, and especially after this one, is an old Pomeranian grenadier, and he is such a grim old man that even the collectors, who stick at nothing to get what they want, cannot get over him. A sovereign has been paid before now for the end of a cigar which the Kaiser has smoked, and the famous grouse pipe would fetch almost any sum. But the grenadier is not to be tempted.

A Future Belted Earl. Congratulations are pouring in on that popular

young couple, Lord and Lady Helmsley, on the birth of their infant son and heir, who is, of

course, heir-presumptive to his great-grandfather, the stalwart and still vigorous Earl of Feversham. The event took place at Easton Lodge—that is, in Lady Warwick's beautiful Essex home, where Lady Helmsley spent so much of her girlhood. Although this is Lady Warwick's first grandson, it is not her first grandchild, for Lady Helmsley had a baby daughter about a year ago, to whom the Princess of Wales stood sponsor. Lord Helmsley, who is Lord

Feversham's grandson, takes life very seriously—he has worked a great deal in the East End, and thus he is more or less in sympathy with his beautiful mother-in-law's social work and ideals. Lord Feversham and his children have long been *personæ grates* at Court, and the important new baby comes into the world provided with an exceptional number of noted beauties among the nearest of his relatives, for among his great-aunts are the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, on the one hand, and Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady Helen Vincent on the other; while his paternal grandmother, Muriel, Lady Helmsley, is a sister of Lady London-derry.



A NEW COUNTESS: THE COUNTESS OF CRANBROOK (FORMERLY KNOWN AS LADY MEDWAY).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell



THE RANEE OF SARAWAK: LADY BROOKE, WHO RECENTLY OPENED A "DELHI DURBAR" BAZAAR AT STREATHAM.

The Ranees, who recently opened a "Delhi Durbar" Bazaar in aid of the R.S.P.C.A., married Rajah Sir Charles Brooke about thirty years ago. She is an adept jewel-setter and enameller.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.



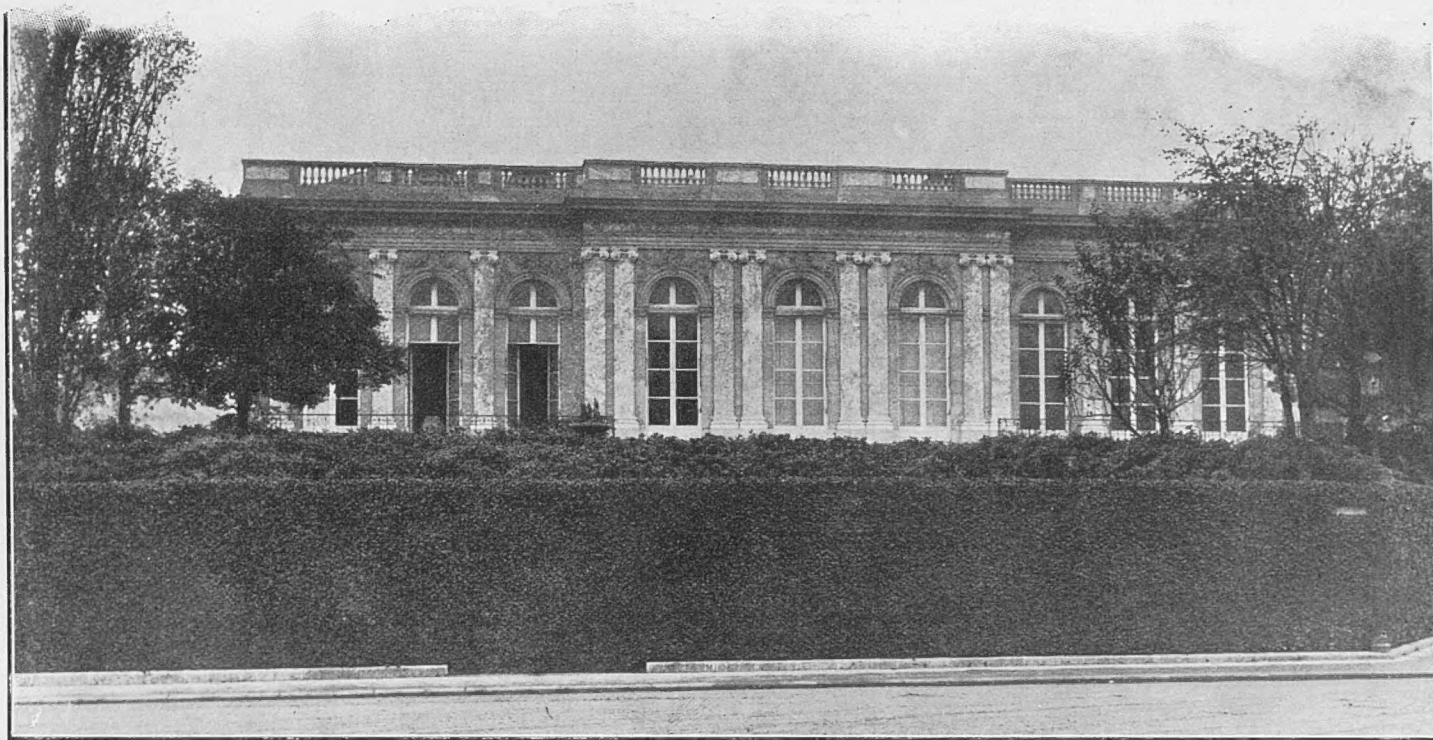
THE MOTHER OF A FUTURE EARL: LADY HELMSLEY, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON AND HEIR.

Lady Helmsley's baby boy (born the other day) is her second child, the first, a daughter, having been born about a year ago. Her son will one day be Earl of Feversham.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

£160,000 A YEAR NOT ENOUGH!

THE DE CASTELLANE CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.



1. THE COUNT AND COUNTESS BONI DE CASTELLANE'S MAGNIFICENT MANSION IN PARIS.

2. COUNTESS BONI DE CASTELLANE (FORMERLY MISS ANNA GOULD, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JAY GOULD) WITH HER TWO SONS.

3. COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE, AGAINST WHOM A DIVORCE SUIT WAS BROUGHT BY HIS WIFE LAST WEEK.

The most sensational divorce suit that Paris has heard of recent years began last week before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. The Countess based her claim on the Count's alleged infidelity and extravagance, and her counsel stated that she was tired of receiving kings one day and slaps on the face on the next. In the course of the evidence it was stated that the revenue of the Count and Countess amounted to about £160,000 a year for the first five years of their marriage, a sum the Count is said to have spent himself. It was also stated by plaintiff's counsel that the Count had numerous residences for himself. The Countess likewise accused her husband of squandering £80,000 in five years, plus £840,000 in debts. The Countess was Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the famous American millionaire, Mr. Jay Gould; the Count comes of a famous old family, a member of which was Marshal of France under Napoleon. The marriage took place in 1895.

Photograph of the house by the Illustrations Bureau; others by Otto.

A Smart American Marriage.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Poultney Bigelow to Mr. J. F. J. Clark, of New York, is not only interesting to two continents, but to a very large circle in this country, for Miss Bigelow and her sister count as beauties in New York as well as in London, and their father, as

all the world knows, was an intimate friend of the German Emperor. Miss Poultney Bigelow is marrying an American, but she met him



MISS EVELYN POULTNEY BIGELOW, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. J. F. J. CLARK. Miss Bigelow's father was one of the German Emperor's most intimate friends. She herself is well known as a beauty here and in America.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

in England, where he is already well known in the motoring and the sporting world. They have therefore arranged to have their marriage in London, and it is to be one of the smartest of early December functions. There will be ten bridesmaids, five being American "buds" and five British maidens of high degree.

The bridegroom is starting what will probably become a delightful bridal fashion by presenting each of his bride's ten attendant maids with fans of old lace, mounted on mother-o'-pearl, bearing the fortunate recipient's name inscribed in gold.

A Military Marriage.

Brighton is an ideal spot in which to celebrate a November wedding. Such seems to have been the view of Miss Cumberlege and of Colonel Davidson, D.S.O., who has lately taken over the command of the Inniskillings. A large number of distin-

guished Londoners, as well as many well-known members of Brighton Society, were present at the marriage, which took place at Hove last Saturday (Nov. 10). The bride, a daughter of Colonel Cumberlege, is a well-known Brighton beauty, and has frequently helped her mother to do the honours of her beautiful seaside home.

An Elder Son Wedded in India.

To-morrow (15th) Umballa will be en fête in honour of the marriage of Miss

a close connection with India, where Lord Kingsale has a good deal of property, as well as an interest in tea plantations. The future Peeress is a daughter of Colonel Woodhouse, of the R.A.M.C.; she is pretty and popular, and the engagement has aroused great interest in Anglo-Indian circles.

The Queen's Perquisite.

With whalebone at £3000 a ton, Queen Alexandra may well hope that one or two of the mightiest of beasts may come to shore while the market is firm. Whales cast up on the shores of Great Britain are treasure-trove. The King is granted the head, the Queen the tail—this by an old statute. The purpose of including the Queen is that she may have the whalebone for the stiffening of her garments. There used to be other perquisites for the Queen Consort, each assigned to some definite purpose, such as the buying of oil for her lamps, wool for her use or articles of attire.

This custom has fallen into abeyance, but of the things which should come each year to Court are a three-shilling tablecloth, two white doves, two white hares, a catapult, a pound of cumin-seed, a horse and halter, a pair of scarlet hose, a curry-comb, a pair of tongs, a crossbar, a coat of grey fur, a nightcap worth one halfpenny, a falcon, one good and one bad knife, and a silver

MRS. DAVIDSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO COLONEL DAVIDSON, D.S.O., TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

The marriage took place at Brighton, where Mrs. Davidson and her family are well known. Colonel Davidson is in command of the Inniskillings.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



needle for the royal tailor.

Some Social Absentees.

Each autumn and winter sees the list of absentees growing in length and importance. In these days of luxurious travel, South Africa is scarcely further off than Egypt once was, and India is overrun with aged globe-trotters. The Proconsuls who have our distant Colonies in charge delight in entertaining a set of home friends. Lord and Lady Selborne have just welcomed Lady Guendolen Cecil, and are showing her the country which must for ever be of interest to those British folk who lived through the exciting period of the Boer War. Lord and Lady Minto have quite a number of friends going out to them; and, nearer home, Egypt is evidently to be the most fashionable centre—indeed, it is rumoured that the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to make a short stay there. The West Indies will have many visitors; and Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain delights in welcoming her own countrymen and countrywomen.

The Greatest Enemy of Exhibitions.

Should the Commission newly appointed to inquire into the utility of exhibitions detect the presence of a ghost at their deliberations, they may rest assured that it will be the shade of the late Colonel Sibthorp, M.P. He was the great enemy of exhibitions. How he did hate them! When the Great Exhibition was toward, he fought it tooth and nail. He assured Parliament that he did not wish to see the buildings of the Exhibition destroyed by violence, but he prayed that "some hailstorm, or some visitation of lightning, might descend to defeat the ill-advised project." His final bolt was reserved for the opening day. Rising gravely in his place to speak on the question of some Bill which concerned itself with the oaths of Jews, he assured the Commons that he had not that day been present at the Exhibition. He felt that his duty to God and his country demanded that he should not go there, and he deeply regretted that an eminent prelate (the Archbishop of Canterbury) should have been induced to invoke a blessing on that which he (the gallant Colonel) considered most injurious to the interests of the country and an insult to Almighty God!

MISS CONSTANCE WOODHOUSE, WHO IS TO MARRY THE HON. MICHAEL DE COURCY TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Umballa is to be the scene of the wedding. The Hon. Michael de Courcy is the only son of Lord Kingsale, Premier Baron of Ireland.



THE HON. MICHAEL DE COURCY, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS CONSTANCE WOODHOUSE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Constance Woodhouse and the Hon. Michael de Courcy. The only son of Lord Kingsale, premier Baron of Ireland, is twenty-four, and is a Lieutenant in the 32nd Sikh Pioneers. The de Courcys have

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LEWIS WALLER'S SON.



MR. EDMUND WALLER AND MRS. EDMUND WALLER (FORMERLY MISS ETHEL WARWICK),
WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE AT PIETERMARITZBURG THE OTHER DAY.

Mr. Edmund Waller, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Waller, was married very quietly to Miss Ethel Warwick, third daughter of Mr. Frank Warwick, of Blunham, Bedfordshire, at St. Peter's Cathedral, Pietermaritzburg, a few days ago. Both the bride and the bridegroom were members of Mr. William Haviland's company, then playing in the Natal capital. Miss Warwick was given away by Captain St. John Brodrick, cousin of the ex-Minister for War, and the best man was Mr. W. A. M'Leod, general manager of Mr. Haviland's company.

Photograph of Mr. Waller by Thomas; photograph of Mrs. Waller by Foulsham and Banfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

To Kidnap the King on his Way to the Guildhall.

day has been in the memory of some still living when a King, and he King of England, dared not go to the Guildhall to receive a compliment similar to that extended to-day to the youngest daughter of King Edward and her husband. Toward the end of his life the Duke of Wellington asked a party of friends, "What crisis in my career, think you, cost me the most anxious consideration?" Various battles were suggested—Assaye, Salamanca, Waterloo. "No," said the Duke; "it was none of these. It was at a Cabinet Council, when I had to consider the question of the safety of William IV. in going to the dinner in the City, and I felt compelled to say 'No.'" Those were the days of the Reform Bill agitation, when the Government was vastly unpopular. The plan was, it came out, to stop the King's carriage at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, cut the traces, and seize the King as a hostage until the Bill should be carried.

The Tailors of Bond Street.

To-morrow Mr. Wynford Dewhurst is to sell, without reserve, thirty of his pictures. What he needs is the presence at the auction of a discerning man to see that the bidding does not flag. When Mason the artist died, leaving his wife and children nothing but unsold pictures, Leighton attended the auction, suspecting that his presence and bids would materially help affairs. They did: the sale produced an annuity of £600 for the family. Leighton himself had felt the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Before he had "found" himself, three tailors in Bond Street looked upon his work and saw that it was good. They determined to buy the picture as a speculation. The price offered was £100. He held out for twice that sum. Eventually they compromised. They gave him £150—plus a suit of clothes. Soon came that avalanche of criticism by which he was nearly overwhelmed. The tailoring trio feared for their bargain, and sold in a hurry for £100. The same picture weathered the storm and passed into the Liverpool Art Gallery, several thousand pounds being paid for it.

Imagination that Kills.

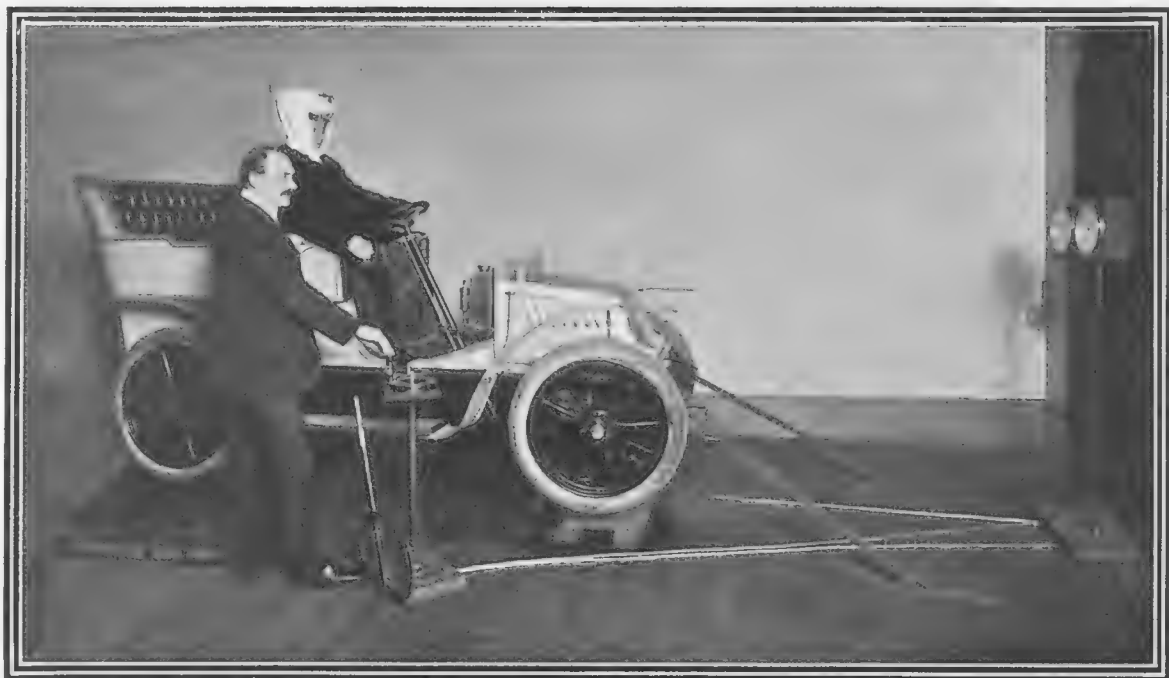
The recent public demonstrations by Dr. Edwin Ash of the power of the hypnotist may have come as a surprise to those who have regarded hypnotism as the monopoly, in this country at all events, of the trickster and quack. All manner of ills, moral and physical, are cured by suggestion, the savants tell us. Feats a thousand-fold more striking—and useful—than those displayed by Dr. Ash are on record. But there is in the individual a tremendous power of self-hypnotism.

The King and Queen of Norway, in luncheon with the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at the Guildhall to-day, will find themselves with sincere friends. It is curious to reflect that the

This was discovered long before the present age. A rather terrible old legend bears on this point. A man journeying in the East met an apparition of alarming aspect. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am the plague," it replied; "I go to Damascus to slay three thousand human beings." Two months afterwards the man again met the spectre. "False spirit!" he cried, "why didst thou lie to me? Thou didst declare that thou wert to slay but three thousand at Damascus, and lo! thou hast slain thirty thousand." "Nay," answered the spectre, "be not over-hasty in thy judgment; I killed but my three thousand. Fear killed the rest." Fearful imaginations still kill.

A Ghastly Apparition. The gruesome stories which the Germans are sending us of the buying and selling of bodies of patients who die in the hospital recall a terrific story which Sir Richard Owen has left on record. Following the death

of a sailor who came by his end in a public-house row at Lancaster, his widow and daughter sat late one stormy night in their little cottage, discussing and endeavouring to justify the slave trade, in which the dead man had been engaged. All at once they heard rapid steps; the door suddenly burst open, and there before them was the phantom of a negro's head glaring at them with white protruding eyeballs. A figure enveloped in black entered the room as the two women rushed shrieking from it. When they again ventured



LEARNING TO DRIVE A MOTOR-CAR THROUGH TRAFFIC WHILE INDOORS: AN INGENIOUS DEVICE IN USE AT THE INSTITUTE OF CHAUFFEURS.

There has just been installed at the Institute of Chauffeurs, 94, Victoria Street, S.W., the ingenious contrivance illustrated, the aim of which is to teach the would-be chauffeur how to drive through traffic without risking his life or a valuable car by practising on the road. The invention comprises a frame on which the car is set in such a manner that the driving-wheels rest on revolving rollers, while the front wheels are free. Facing the pupil are two dials with movable hands. One of these is divided into sections, each section indicating a different state of the road, such as "slow traffic," "traffic block," etc.; the other has a red hand and a black hand, and it is the business of the driver to keep these one over the other by means of his steering. The instructor turns these hands as he wishes, and at the same time gives the pupil hints. By means of a lever he can also control a brake which puts extra work on the engine and shows the chauffeur when it is advisable to change gear.

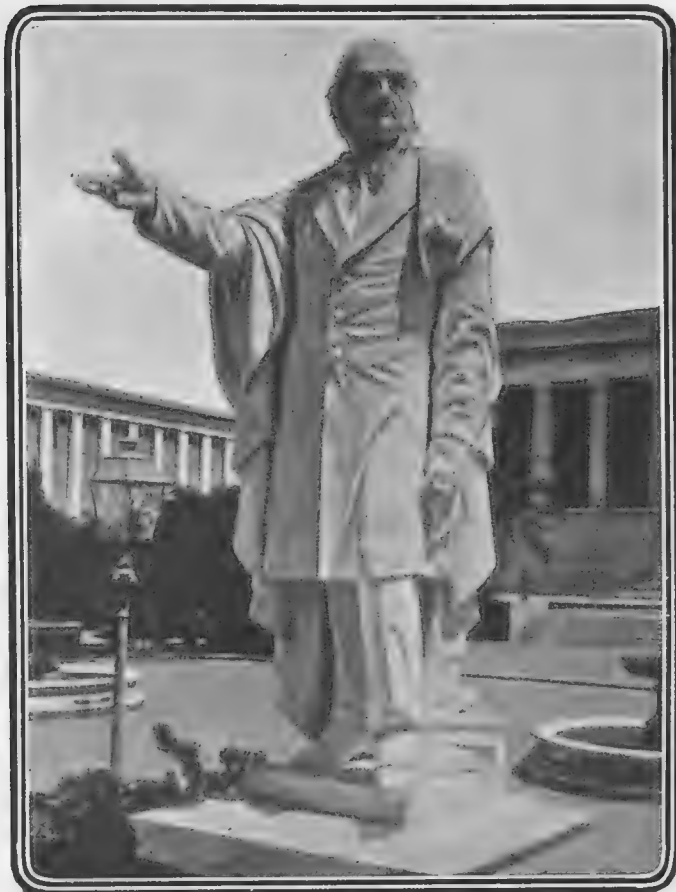
to look into the room, head and black-robed figure were gone. What, they argued, could this be but an apparition of one of the dead captain's slaves, with the Evil One himself in attendance?

The Solid Fact.

It was no apparition. The real explanation is this. Owen, greatly interested in a treatise on variation of the human race which had newly come to his hand, seized the opportunity to possess himself of the head of a negro who had just died in Lancaster Castle. He went late at night, secured the head, put it in a bag, and this beneath his cloak, and set out for home, intending to carry thither his craniological specimen for examination at his leisure. But the pavement was coated with ice, and as he ran, his feet slipped; he lost his balance and fell to the ground. The fatal head shot out of the bag, went bounding down the slippery stones, bounced against and drove open the door of a cottage, and rolled on to the floor within. Owen could not stop his downward career. He followed the flying head, heard shrieks and the whisk of a female garment, recovered his grisly treasure from the deserted room, pulled the door to after him, and raced as for dear life to his surgery.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



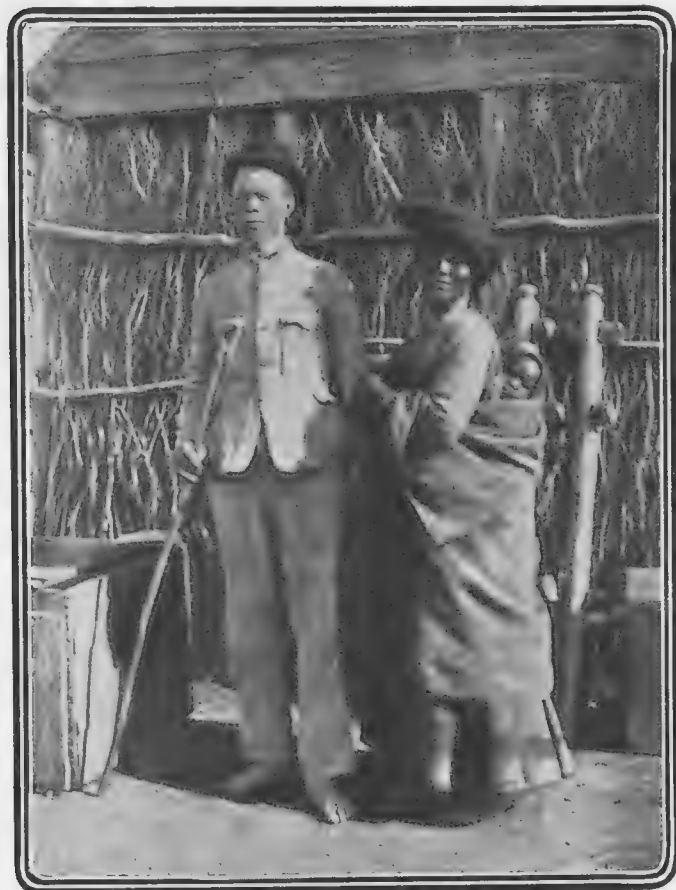
GLADSTONE A HERO IN GREECE: THE STATUE OF THE "G.O.M." IN THE CENTRE OF ATHENS' "TRAFALGAR SQUARE."

A few weeks ago an Athens newspaper asked its readers to name the greatest statesman the world had seen. The result is particularly interesting: Mr. Gladstone received 1473 votes more than his nearest competitor, a Greek. Our photograph shows the statue erected to the memory of Gladstone by the people of Greece.



ANGLOPHOBIA VENTED ON A STATUE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST DRAMATIST: THE SHAKSPERE MEMORIAL AT WEIMAR.

A Berlin newspaper makes the announcement that certain of the inhabitants of Weimar—evidently confirmed Anglophobes—have damaged seriously the statue of Shakspeare that stands in their town. Their method was to sprinkle the memorial with corrosive fluid, and seems to have been only too effective.



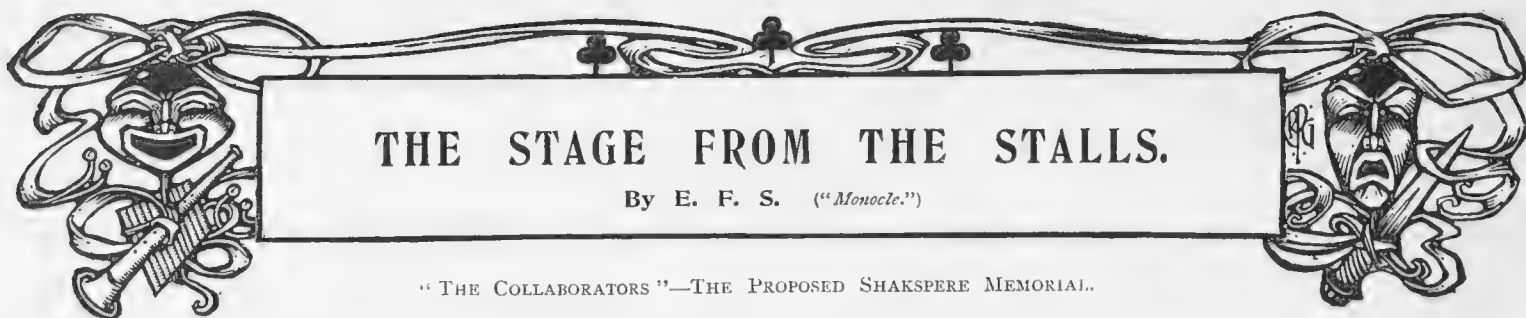
A WHITE BLACK-MAN, WITH HIS WIFE AND ONE OF THEIR CHILDREN.

The white black-man, whose portrait we give, is of pure Kaffir blood. Not only is he white of skin, but he has pale-blue eyes and short, yellow, woolly hair. His children are black, like his wife. He is regarded by his fellows with a curious combination of dread and contempt.



A HARMLESS POSTCARD BANNED BY THE ALEXANDRIA POLICE.

The Alexandria police have just forbidden the sale of the postcard given above, on the ground that "it is calculated to hold His Highness the Khedive, and his brother, Prince Mohamed Aly, up to ridicule." The Khedive was born in July 1874; his brother in October 1875.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE COLLABORATORS"—THE PROPOSED SHAKSPERE MEMORIAL.

"THE Collaborators," at the Criterion, is by Mr. Kingsley Tarpey, from a story by Mrs. Kingsley Tarpey, and as a curtain-raiser serves its purpose. • Fortunately for its author, "The Amateur Socialist," which follows, shows that he can do better things. The collaborators referred to are Robert Curtice, who supplies the construction, and Ethel Berners, who supplies the soul of such things as melodramas and farcical comedies. Ethel loves an artist named Edward, but feels that duty commands her to marry Robert. After refusing Edward, she finds that half an hour of Robert is more than enough. It is not explained why she had not found that out before; but the whole thing is simple and unassuming, and hardly calls for criticism. Miss Lilian Braithwaite plays the chief part gracefully and sympathetically, and Mr. Percival Stevens makes of Robert a creature strange enough to drive any girl away from the path of duty. Why the path of duty led towards marriage with him is a matter for wonder, and in that lies the chief weakness of the play. Mr. Tarpey has not succeeded in putting into this little effort any of the quaintness and the humour now winning for "The Amateur Socialist" a very considerable success.

From Mr. Sidney Lee's new book, an interesting work that deserves the attention of the literary critic of *The Sketch*, I learn that the movement for a national memorial to Shakspeare is very active. Mr. Richard Badger has offered £3500 as a nucleus; the Lord Mayor has presided over a public meeting at the Mansion House; Mr. Badger has paid £500 for preliminary expenses—this suggests something in the nature of a public company—and the L.C.C. has promised a site, and is now busy trying to make arrangements in fulfilment of the promise. One of these wet days the hat will go round. It appears that several efforts have been made to create this memorial. There was one in 1820, another in 1847, a third in 1864. An attempt in the eighteenth century resulted in the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, which disgusts Mr. Sidney Lee and everybody else. He offers two reasons for the failure of these efforts. One, the hostility of some prominent writers and actors, and the other, squabbles amongst the supporters as to the precise form the memorial ought to take. Mr. Lee is in favour of a statue with "an architectural framework," and he admits that it is very difficult to find the sculptor. My own view is that the public has a vague feeling that to erect a statue of Shakspeare is to attempt to add a colour to the rainbow or to gild refined gold. If the moment should ever arise when a statue with an architectural framework, or without, is necessary to recall Shakspeare to the minds of the British people, it may be taken that the time has been reached when his mission is ended. The real object of a memorial statue is to act as a constant reminder of some great person whose work is not so fully incorporated with the life of the race that his name might be forgotten without a statue. Shakspeare's case is very different. The *Circumspect* of Sir Christopher Wren may be paralleled by the lines in the Sonnet:

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

St. Paul's may perish, the City churches may be converted into lay buildings, the deplorable west end towers of Westminster Abbey and

the tobacco-jar decorated church in the Strand may disappear, and with their disappearance the Rosicrucian's name may pass into oblivion, except among Freemasons; but Shakspeare's monument is the English language, and his fame will last as long as our mother tongue, and as long, too, as that of any of the civilised languages now known, to say nothing of Volapük.

Mr. Lee—and his important position gives his opinion great weight—demands a statue. He objects to the movement seeking any "secondary or collateral purpose"; hospitals or schools may be useful, a playhouse devoted to the performance of Shakspeare's plays might be valuable, "but the true aim of the commemoration will be frustrated if it be linked with any purpose of utility, however commendable, with anything beyond a symbolisation of Shakspeare's mighty genius and influence." We must have a statue with an architectural framework. I am not quite clear what the architectural framework has to do with the matter. It merely seems to introduce a new element of strife. Ought it to be Gothic, accepting Voltaire's views of the giant; and if so, which of the three periods should figure? What more fitting than the Tudor of the poet's period, except the Renaissance, but which form of Renaissance? Why not the Classic, in memory of some of the dramas? The Queen Anne is out of the running, on account of the naughty adapters of that period. The Early or Mid-Victorian would hardly get votes, and it is beyond the wit of man to find sufficient unity of idea among the many beautiful buildings of our times for any to be chosen as exemplification of a style showing Shakspeare's connection with the modern stage. Without the architectural framework there is sufficient room for squabbling. Mr. Lee feels anxious concerning the question of the sculptor; our public statues are so very funny, barely quainter as a collection than the effigies at the British Valhalla in the Euston Road. We have two or three sculptors of genius, a quality rarely liked by committees. One of them might be chosen by accident, and a rare committee might be bold enough to give him a free hand; but if he were daring enough to produce something highly imaginative, something *à la* Rodin, there would be trouble. Certainly I should not like to prevent a sculptor from getting a commission, if the sculptor happened

to be one of two or three; but the risk of a job is too great, the probability of a scarecrow too high. We might even have another statue of a gentleman on a horse without saddle-girths, so that Charles I. and George IV. might no longer feel lonely. After all, statues serve very nicely to commemorate Kings. For one person in the kingdom who knows anything about George IV., or has any clear idea concerning Charles I., there are a thousand with some rough knowledge concerning Shakspeare, so the Kings have the better title to their trick-riding on the quaint quadrupeds.

Surely the commemoration enthusiasts might consider seriously the question of combining their efforts with those of the Municipal Theatre advocates, so as to let us see whether the theories admirably promulgated by Mr. Lee in this book (published by John Murray) as to the correct method of mounting Shakspeare's plays have a fair trial.



ON TOUR IN MISS GABRIELLE RAY'S PART IN "THE LITTLE CHERUB";
MISS VALLI VALLI, WHO IS PLAYING LADY DOROTHY CONGRESS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

TO SHOOT BEFORE THE KING OF NORWAY.



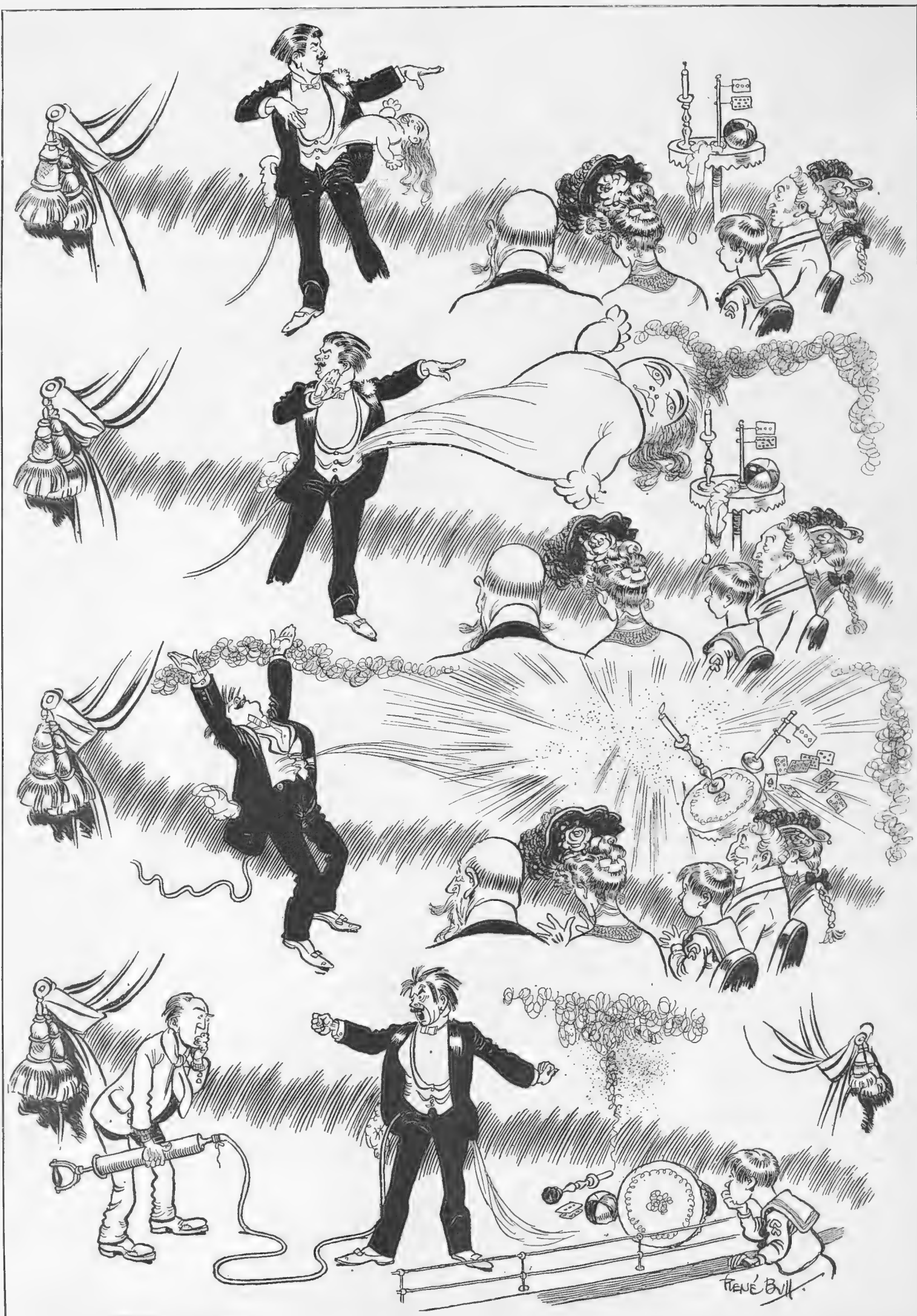
DOES MR. WALLER USE THE BOW CORRECTLY? THE FAMOUS ACTOR AS ROBIN HOOD.

Mr. Lewis Waller has been honoured with a command for a State Performance of "Robin Hood" at Windsor Castle on Friday, the occasion being the visit of the King and Queen of Norway. Toxophilites are much interested in the question as to whether Mr. Waller uses the bow correctly or not. Some argue that the arrow should be held on the left side of the bow; others that it should be held on the right.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios; Setting by "The Sketch."

ANOTHER "SIDE ISSUE."

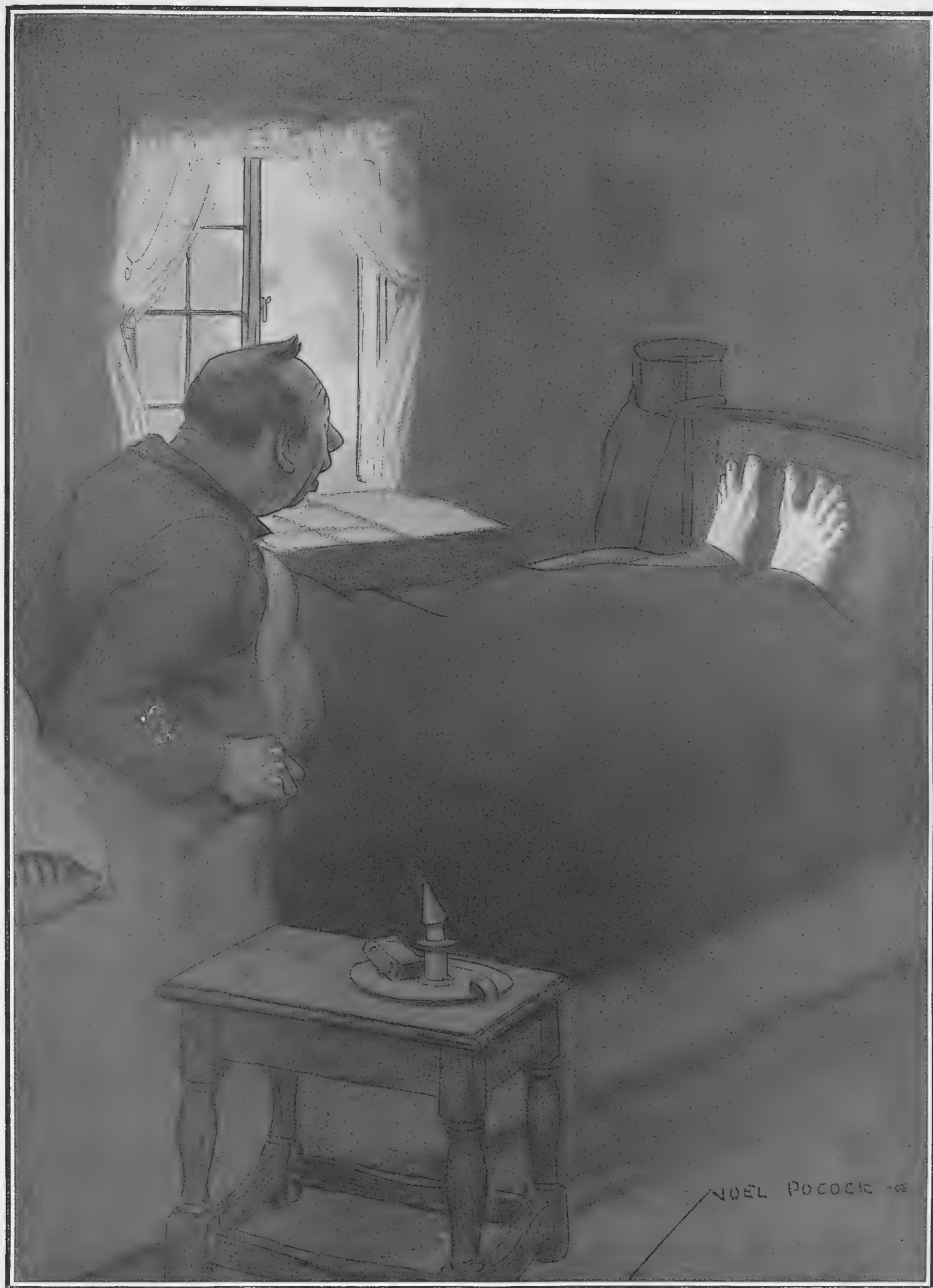
(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. MASKELYNE.)



AN OVER-INFLATED EXPERIMENT.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

THE LATEST SPIRITUALISTIC FEAT.



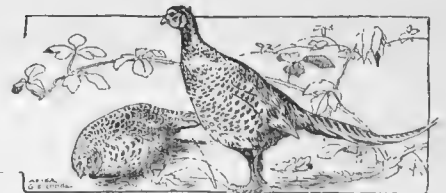
MR. EBENEZER BINKS WRITES: "A few evenings ago I saw Mr. Maskelyne answer Archdeacon Colley's challenge by producing a spirit from his side. The same night I was awakened by a strange coldness of the limbs, and, to my horror, saw before me a pair of mystic hands, shaped like those of a goblin. I am writing to the Psychological Research Society."

DRAWN BY NOEL POCOCK.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*An Effective Pigeon-Trap.*

In parts of the country where the pigeons, like the rabbits, are giving serious trouble to farmers, and the ordinary methods of reducing their numbers will not serve, special steps can be taken to abate the nuisance. In almost any field, small or large, that is well away from buildings, a very effective trap can be made in the form of a large wire fowl-house. It has two doors connected by a wire, which goes down to the ground, and runs a little way along the surface

scarce. Of course this is not sport, and is not put forward as a sporting operation. It is no more than a satisfactory method for dealing with a very serious trouble.

Screen Shooting.

Of sport amongst pigeons under the most favourable circumstances, I can recall nothing better than a recent experience in Scotland, at a place where a high screen had been set up on the edge of the moorland at a point where the cornlands met the heather on a long slope. Pigeons coming to the moors were generally on their way to a little patch of ground where there is a spring that never fails even in the warmest weather. They had to rise to a considerable height when they were coming off the low land, on which their depredations were giving the farmers considerable concern, and they passed the high screen flying almost on a level with it. When one had been on the spot once or twice, there were certain landmarks that afforded an excellent background for pigeons, so that it was possible, without any expert shooting, to make very few mistakes in killing them.



A CRAB WITH ILL-MATCHED CLAWS: THE BLUE LAND CRAB OF BRAZIL.

The land crabs form an interesting division of the crab family, many of them living entirely on shore, while others, although spending the greater part of their lives on land, make their way to the sea during the breeding season, where the females lay their eggs. The specimen depicted is a blue land crab, a native of Brazil, and like many other crabs, is remarkable in having one claw considerably larger than the other. These claws are technically known as "chelipeds," and fit closely to the carapace when in repose. The eyes are situated at the extreme end of the curious antennæ-like structures, and are capable of retraction. In colour, the crab is of a curious slaty blue, merging into grey.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.



A NOCTURNAL PEST: THE SPANISH OR YELLOW SCORPION.

Scorpions are plentiful in all warm countries. They are nocturnal in their habits, hiding under stones or crevices during the day, and emerging at dusk in search of their prey, which chiefly consists of insects and spiders, although they will attack almost any creature they are capable of overpowering. They kill by injecting poison into their victim by the aid of their sting, which has a paralysing effect. When moving, they invariably hold their large pincers well to the front, as their sight is very imperfect, and they are thus able to avoid obstacles. The young are born fully developed, and when quite small, resemble their parents.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

the ground among the maize, with head bent down as though feeding. For choice, the field selected for the cage-trap should be a small one, and surrounded by high trees. Pigeons are very early feeders; they leave their sleeping quarters almost as soon as the morning breaks, and raid the land in all directions, doing all the damage they can, for they are voracious eaters and will not give in until their crop is as tight as a drum. When they see the wire house for the first time they are a little suspicious, and are apt to cluster heavily on the branches of surrounding trees, in order to scrutinise the new building, and look around to see if it is a lure. When they have gathered their courage, they will descend, come nearer to the house, and seek an entrance. In a little while they are quite confident, and will come in boldly and raid the store until rapid flight is a matter of difficulty. Their intelligence never seems to reach the point at which they would understand that the birds that were in the house when they arrived are dead. It is as well to let them clear the maize on one or two mornings, and to replace it in the evening, an hour or so after the birds have retired to roost. On the third or fourth morning, when they have gathered in their scores and have filled the house, the trapper goes out at daybreak to the bank at which the string terminates, jerks the line, and by so doing closes the doors. If the cage is big enough, and its position has been happily chosen, more than a hundred birds may be taken at the first attempt, and the trap may be emptied every second or third day while the ground is hard and winter feed is



A FINE WASPS' NEST—A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.

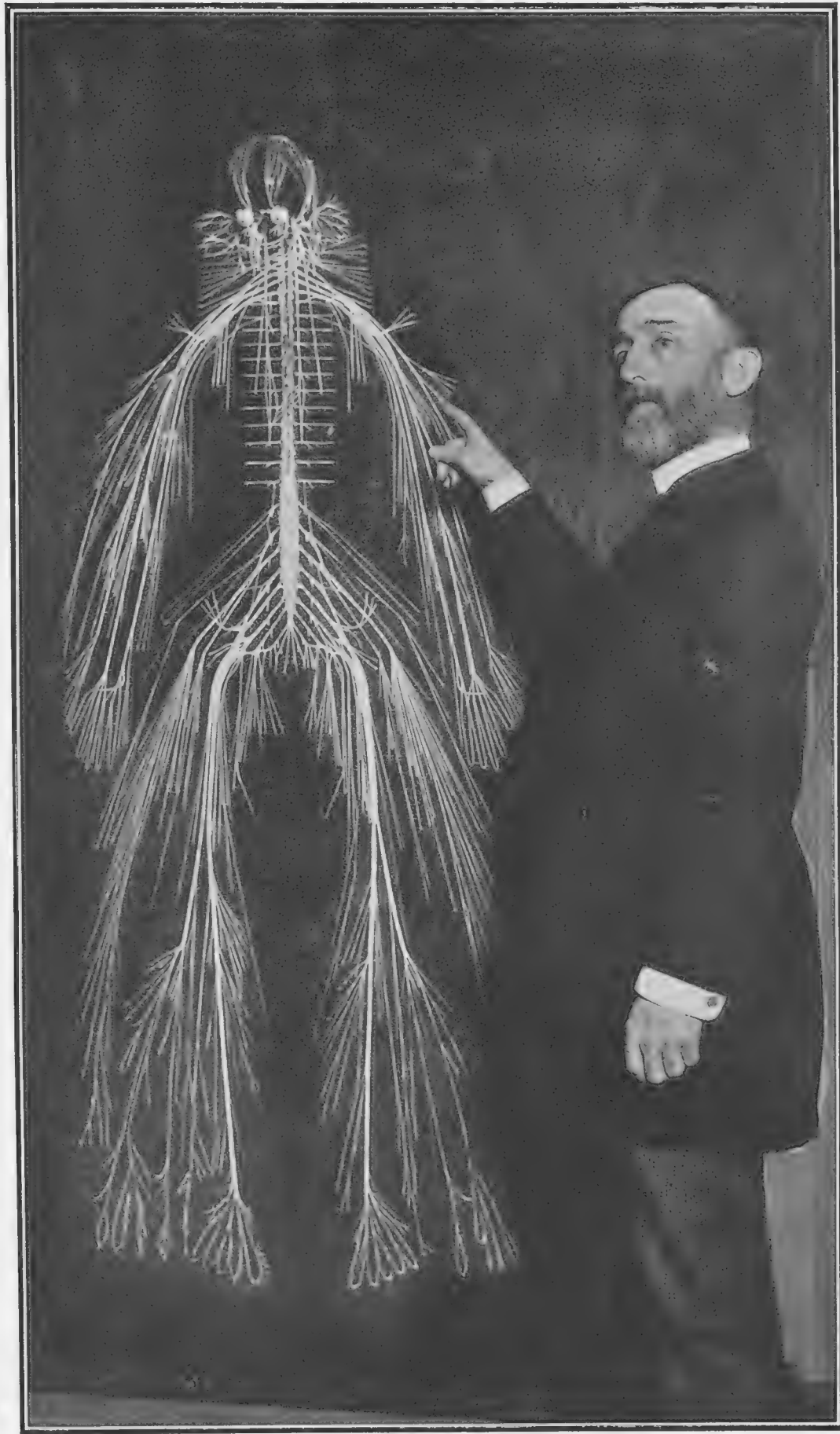
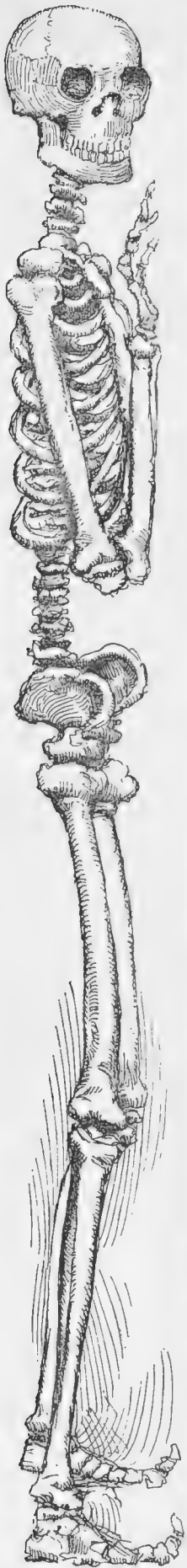
A reader, Mr. Sam Denton, writes to us: "This wasps' nest was first observed in July 1906, suspended from the roof of a shed at Hadley, near Barnet, Herts, when the insects were very busy preparing quarters for the brood then coming on. It was not disturbed for about a month, during which time it almost doubled in size. The measurements now are—height, 13 inches; width, 15½ inches; depth, 9 inches. The wasps were driven out and completely destroyed in the early part of September. After this the photo was taken and the nest removed practically unbroken."

Photograph by F. N. Flashman, Barnet.

Easy Sport.

The laziest and most pleasant occupation for a hot day was to climb up the hill to the edge of the moor and sit in the shade of the screen with gun, book, and retriever. Of course, an interesting chapter would help many a bird to pass unchallenged; but when the interest failed for a few moments, or when a little change of occupation was indicated, it was only necessary to put the book down, take up the gun, and wait patiently for a minute or two. The shots were pretty and sporting, although they were easy, for the birds would come quite suddenly and from all directions. Sometimes they would fly straight across from a wood on the far side of the moor; sometimes they would skim over a stone dyke that was the moor's far boundary; at other times they would come right over the screen from the back, passing almost within reach of an outstretched hand, had it been possible to stretch one out; while there were moments when one might mark the steady flight of a bird from one of the woods far below, and calculate through the screen of leaves the exact point at which it would pass. As many as thirty pigeons were shot in this way in one afternoon in something less than four hours, and an examination of the crops of some of these birds proved conclusively enough that the farmers' complaints were neither ill-founded nor exaggerated.

ARE YOU NERVOUS? IF SO, FIND THE NERVE!



THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF MAN—A REMARKABLE "MAP."

The great interest aroused by our illustration of a model of the nervous system of the brain induces us to give this illustration of the nervous system of man, which is the especial study of Dr. Rufus Weaver, of Hahnemann College, Philadelphia. Dr. Weaver recently produced the "map" illustrated above. He gave a year's work to the making of the drawing.

Photograph by Peirce and Jones.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. PENNELL'S biography of C. G. Leland turns out to be a very fresh and interesting book. Mrs. Pennell has very wisely used Leland's letters as her main material, so that the biography does not interfere with Leland's own autobiography, and both may profitably be read together. Leland was on very friendly terms with some notable persons, but met many more, and he was always an acute observer. In 1883 he writes from America about Matthew Arnold's somewhat depressing and untoward visit: "Invited and went to dinner given to Matthew Arnold. Introduced to him. He is strikingly like the portrait-caricature of Talmage, the sensational preacher. I said so, and was told it was a libel. I asked on whom—Arnold or Talmage? Arnold abuses Philistines. A runaway monk never praises his convent. He is zealous against them. 'One renegade' is a fiercer Mahometan than the Turks." In reply to Wayne MacVeagh's speech, he made a very shambling, awkward, feeble reply, which was charmingly cooked and sauced up by the reporters. He is a sad contrast to Henry Irving—or any other man. He seems to be the Prince of Prigs."

Walt Whitman is more genially described: "Returning home, we met old Walt Whitman in the car. He was quite charming, and asked us to come and see him when in Camden. He had been roaming in the country, and had enjoyed himself very much, and said the day had not cost a dollar. He had recently returned from Boston, where, he said, they had fêted and dined him so much that he retreated home. He had on a dark broad felt—I have always seen him in a white one, which some poet in a newspaper lately compared to a lily! He remarked that the Boston newspaper had said so much of his clothes. And truly they and all have had more to say of his hat than his head, and of his shirt-collar than of his soul."

Naturally, a good deal of space is accorded to Leland's connection with the gipsies. (He spelt the word with a "y.") Mrs. Pennell says that Leland loved the gipsies as a friend. He studied them as a scholar, and to such good purpose that when they have vanished for ever from the roads they will still live and wander in the pages of his books. "Even if Borrow had never written, the Roman would be immortalised in 'The English Gypsies' and 'The Gypsies.'" The statement requires qualification.

We are introduced in these pages to the famous Ryes, Francis Hindes Groome, Palmer, Hubert Smith, and John Sampson. Leland knew them all, but their real story is not told here. He was the friend of poor Hindes Groome in his hot youth, when he was fretting at Monk Soham Rectory. But Leland wrote to Groome—

"I congratulate you on having settled the last Oxford bills. Poverty may be a shirt of fire—but debt is hell fire. And don't do it again—not if to live on a crust." Well, the story of these people has not yet been told, and it may never be told. But though Groome and Palmer and Smith and Leland knew the gipsy world and the gipsy tongue better than Borrow knew it, yet they had sense enough to see that as a writer Borrow was far above them all. In fact, the books of Leland and Groome are dead for all but students, but George Borrow lives for evermore.

There are letters here from E. H. Palmer, the extraordinary Orientalist who was murdered in the desert. The life of Palmer, as written by Besant, is a wonderful narrative; and the book does not

deserve to die. Mrs. Pennell says that she has been told that Palmer "was no great scholar—really, like most Orientalists of his generation, no scholar at all." On this point it will be safe to accept the verdict of Robertson Smith: "His brilliant scholarship is seen to advantage in what he wrote in Persian and other Eastern languages, but not so much so in his English books, which were written under pressure. His scholarship was wholly Eastern in character, and lacked the critical qualities of the modern school of Oriental learning in Europe." Palmer and Leland and their friends of the Savile Club were fairly expert log-rollers, though Mrs. Pennell rightly claims that they did their log-rolling "with a gaiety, a dis-

interestedness, a sense of the fun of it, unknown to the modern weakling with no ambition higher than the commercial traveller's."

Mr. Lane has issued a new edition of Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, edited, with an introduction, by W. Graham Robertson and numerous reproductions from Blake's pictures. Mr. Robertson's introduction is slight. He explains that little else has been done than to omit most of the poems and prose writings forming the bulk of the second volume, thus reducing the book to a more convenient size. No attempt has been made to bring the work up to date, or to correct points of view in which time has, perhaps, wrought change. I observe, however, that Mr. Robertson has added a note to the passage in which Gilchrist tells the too-notorious story of Blake and his wife sitting like Adam and Eve. Mr. Robertson discredits the tale, which rests upon very doubtful testimony. Considering the great vogue of Blake in these days, it is worth noting that his verses were practically unpublished. The original edition of the "Songs of Innocence" consisted probably of few more than twenty copies. The "Poetical Sketches," privately printed, hardly attained so large a circulation, and the "Prophetic Books" are no less rare.—O. O.



[DRAWN BY BREWERTON QUINAN.]

PAINFUL MEMORIES.

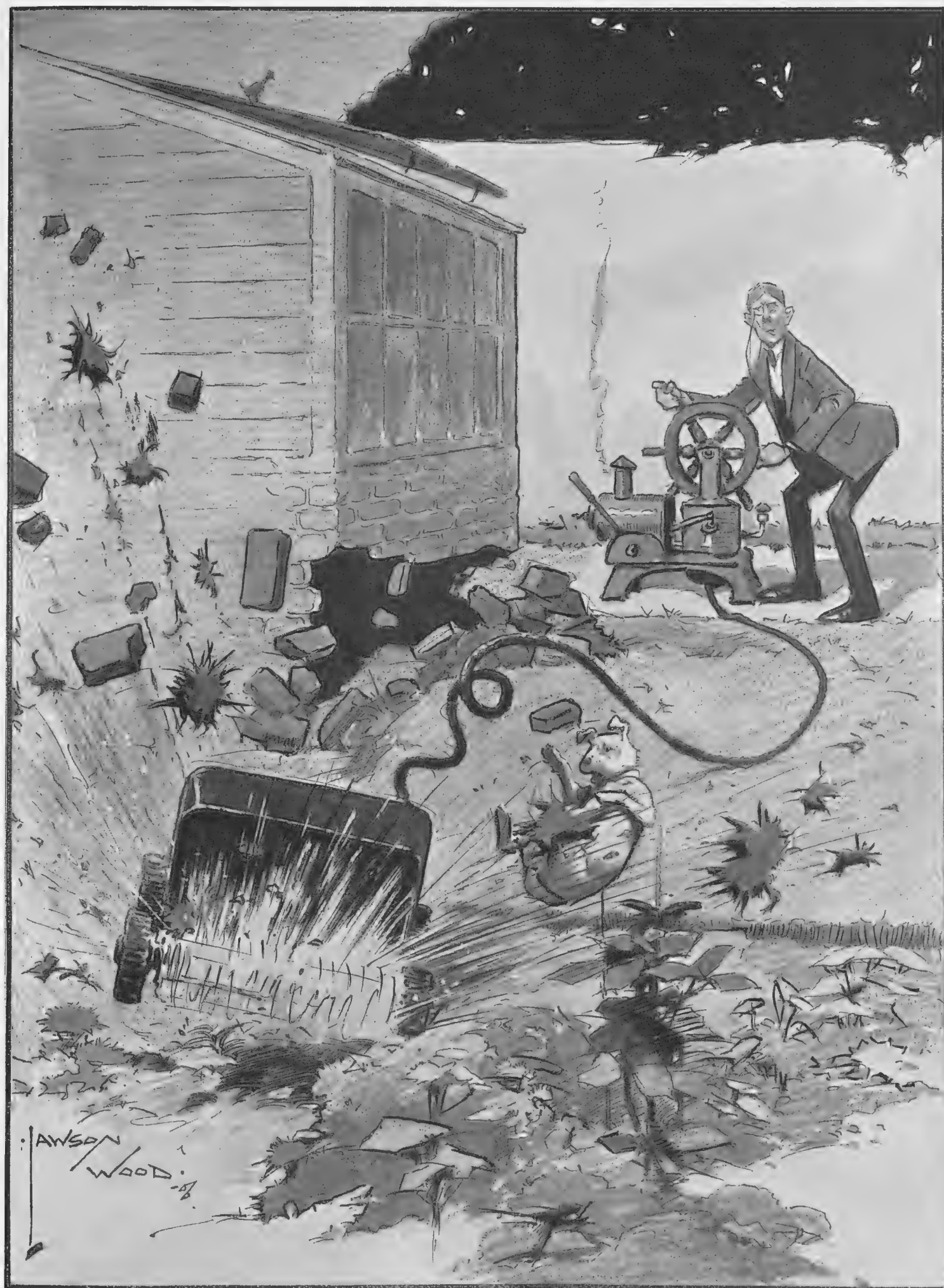
JACK'S AUNT: The sick go to the hospital; the poor, to the workhouse; the mad people, to the asylum.

Now, can you tell me where the naughty persons go?

JACK: I was whipped the last time I said it.

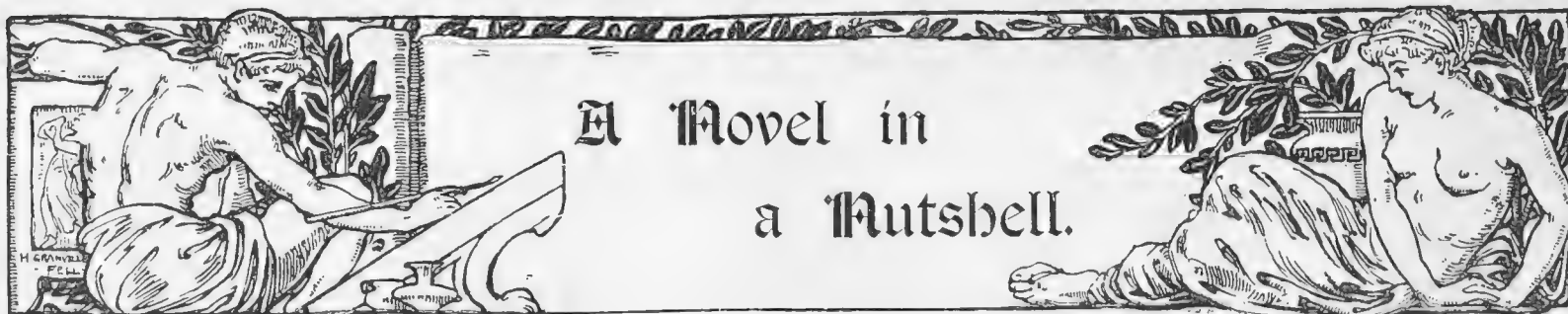
Edison Juggins, the Greatest Inventor of the Age.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



IV.—THE EDISON JUGGINS STEERABLE MOTOR LAWN-MOWER.

Mr. Edison Juggins, having given it exhaustive trials, guarantees that his motor lawn-mower works with exceptional rapidity. A child can use it every whit as well as did the inventor.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

A DEPTH IN THE SHALLOWS.

BY EDWARD CECIL.

Look at the Shop Girl all about us: "Lo,
The wages of a month," says she, "I blow
Into a hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my friend will take me to the Show."—J. J. DASKAM.

IT was said in Blackley's, where Mabel Greenwood worked, that the part of a wise girl was to live quietly and to save money. It was never defined exactly how much or how little was meant by living quietly, nor was it ever computed how much a girl might save by denying herself those poor pleasures which her youth would enable her to enjoy.

It may be said at once that Mabel Greenwood did not live a restricted life. Neither did she save money.

She was a straight-living, smart, well-equipped London girl. But, apart from her attractions, her physical charms, her shrewd wit and her experience, she had nothing. Her capital was—herself. Unlike those girls who had lived quietly and saved money, she had no security against the coming of evil days. And, in the spring of 1906, evil days came.

It was an April morning, and even in the streets of London the spring was triumphant. At many of the corners there were flower-girls' baskets piled up with spring flowers; some of the passers-by wore bunches of violets, others carried daffodils or jonquils.

At the crossing where the two busy thoroughfares near St. Ann's Hospital intersect, the traffic was passing from West to East in a thick stream. Mabel Greenwood stood on the kerb, waiting until the stream was broken.

More than one passer-by turned and looked at her as she stood there. Her well-poised figure, her dainty neatness in dress, her clean-cut profile, and above all, perhaps, the happy reflection of the spring-tide joy in her face, were causes which compelled many to let their gaze linger. Of this tribute of the passers-by she was, however, wholly unconscious. Presently, when the stream of traffic was checked, she raised her skirts, and displaying two neatly shod feet, stepped out into the roadway.

Though there was no appearance that an anxious thought troubled her, there would have been good reason that April morning had Mabel Greenwood's thoughts been heavy.

She had lost her post at Blackley's.

Freedom from the slavery of the counter, liberty to enjoy the April morning, made Mabel Greenwood happy, despite the melancholy reflection that she had lost her livelihood. She was young, and she had trained herself to enjoy her youth. When she reached the kerb on the hospital side of the crossing, her happiness was crowned.

Archibald Cayley was waiting for her. He had chanced to see her as she stood waiting to cross; he had watched her crossing. For the thousandth time he had marvelled at her prettiness, had applauded in his heart her never-failing air of up-to-date, attractive womanhood.

More than a year had passed since they first drifted together in the stream of London life in which their lots were cast, and their friendship had always been pleasant, never jarred upon by those small disenchantments to which such friendships are so cruelly liable. Cayley was thankful that it had been so pleasant, and a sudden stab of regret pierced his thoughts as he reflected that it must soon come to an end.

When they had greeted each other, she saw that he was surprised to see her.

"I am having a day's holiday," she said lightly. "I am very lucky, happening upon such a glorious day."

It never occurred to him that she was concealing anything behind the easy remark.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

She confessed that she had no plans.

"Then let us spend the afternoon in the country, come back and have a theatre at night. It's a long time since I have had a day off. I've a few things to do in the hospital, but they will not take long. Will you meet me at Paddington bookstall, say, at two o'clock?"

For a moment she hesitated, but for a moment only.

She knew that she loved Cayley. She knew also, dimly, in the background of her thoughts, that some day she would have to crush her love down. But till that day came, why should not their pleasant friendship continue? It had become deeper on her side, but that only meant that when the end came she would the more greatly suffer.

When she spoke, her heart was beating more quickly and more tumultuously than she would have cared to own.

"It would be splendid," she said frankly. But she let no tremor escape into her voice.

"Then you will be there at two?"

"Yes; I will not be late," she laughed.

"Till then," he said, as he turned away.

He went towards the hospital, whistling—a tall, broad-shouldered man, supremely indifferent to the crowded pavement along which he passed.

Mabel's gaze followed him. Little memories lingered with her—the strength of his clear-cut face, the crisp little curls on his temples, the fearless, unwavering light in his eyes. Small wonder that joy sang in her heart.

When he reached the hospital he strode quickly into the main building. But half-way along the corridor which runs through it, he stopped. He stopped in his walk, because he had called a halt in his thoughts. They had been joyously rushing further and further along new paths and new byways.

Was Mabel Greenwood anything more to him than a pleasant friend? Did he feel for her more than friendship?

He did not laugh the thought down. He neither affirmed nor denied the question. He shrugged his shoulders and went on down the corridor; but immediately his thoughts were forging ahead down their new paths and plunging again into their new byways.

But before long he stopped again.

"If I take up this Hampshire practice," he mused, "I shall seldom be in London. Our friendship will cease. Well, the ending of a chance friendship will soon be achieved and forgotten."

But in his heart the thought of a different ending was gaining strength. He did not go so far as to admit or deny its possibility, but the new byways in which his thoughts were wandering were at least pleasant.

After an afternoon at Henley, followed by a dinner at Gatti's and a theatre, Mabel Greenwood returned to the pretentious but shabby Bayswater boarding-house which, for want of anything else, she called her home. During the afternoon and evening she had been for Cayley the gay, light-hearted companion that she always was. She had made no effort to be so; she had simply abandoned herself to happiness.

She kept her love for Cayley in the secret places of her thoughts. Even when she heard that he had bought a practice in Hampshire, and foresaw, as she was quick to foresee, that their friendship would of necessity soon cease, her spirits did not fail. She merely told herself that for the present she would not face the future.

[Continued overleaf.]

FOR POLYPOLITAUTOCINETHERMOMACHE RIDERS.



SOME MUCH-NEEDED CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN APPLIANCES FOR THE MOTOR-'BUS.

Our Artist has been studying the ways of the motor-bus, and has come to the conclusion that passengers should be assisted to get on the vehicles and to alight from them—two feats that are not easy in these days of speed. As a hint to the companies concerned, he offers the suggestions here illustrated. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may explain that “polypolitaucinethermochach” is the new word for “auto-bus,” the invention of a learned Hellenist, who describes it as “neatly comprehensive.”

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

That night, however, the skeleton of the future dwelt with her.

She did not sleep. She heard the clock of a neighbouring church strike each hour, she saw the light steal in—she saw it grow till each familiar object in the room became distinct.

Of the certainty of her love for Cayley there could be no doubt. In those silent hours it brought her pain. Every thought that grew from it stabbed her. If it could ever be accomplished, if she had but the right to count the hours to a day when it would be consummated, she might have known the depths of joy.

She could never marry Cayley.

Yet she thought of all that she could give—her youth, her power to love. Surely she had much to give; yet what more than many another, many another whom Cayley would meet as an equal, not as he had met her, in a pleasant friendship, sprung from a chance acquaintance?

"Yet no one can give him all that I can give," she rebelled piteously.

The cold light was growing strong, remorselessly disclosing the shabby room.

Her poverty sprang up to mock her. She had lost her place in Blackley's because she was said to have been careless. She could hardly hope for a good position after that. Perhaps she would not be able even to continue living in the boarding-house. She would have to live more humbly, her pleasures would be fewer, her life narrower, unless she accepted pleasures which as yet she had refused, unless she lived differently, less straightly. After all, why not? And if so, why not Cayley, rather than another? If she gave everything and asked for nothing it would be she who would pay the toll of suffering, when it came to be paid. And in the meantime she would have the joy.

Shame came upon her, shame and something more. That might be the beginning—the beginning of what? She buried her face in the pillow, she shut out the light.

The first sounds of the day broke in upon her thoughts. From the main thoroughfare, some streets distant, came the rumble of the early traffic; in the street below her window the milkman was busy.

She got up and steeled herself to think clearly.

"I am not a fool," she told herself. "I shall have to let this joy pass by. It will not be easy, but I must crush my love."

She poured out some water, and again and again bent down her face into its coldness. Her thoughts became clearer, and she began to dress carefully and methodically, as was her wont. The postman came into the street, and his sharp double knock sounded from house to house, coming nearer and nearer. The day was beginning, the day of facts which succeeds the night of dreams.

"To-day I must find something," she said as she went downstairs. "It may be only a small shop, the work of a drudge. But I must find something."

She was very lonely, very desolate, she had nothing in the world to cherish. She had gained a glimpse of a great joy. But she was not a fool. She knew that the hope to achieve it was wild and impossible.

The drawing-room of No. 10, Bevington Gardens, the Bayswater boarding-house in which Mabel Greenwood lived, was typical of the other drawing-rooms of the street. It was a large room. A grand piano, a lucky bargain picked up at a sale, gave an air of luxury. It also helped a few inexpensive rugs in their task of concealing the shabbiness of the carpet. Several low wicker-chairs and two standard-lamps with large red shades contributed their requisite touches to the carefully studied atmosphere of the room. The whole was, from the point of view of Bevington Gardens, decidedly successful.

In this room, at eleven o'clock on a morning in the last week of April, Mabel Greenwood was sitting waiting. It was eleven o'clock, and at eleven o'clock Cayley had said in the short letter she had received by that morning's post that he would call. She had no doubt why he was coming. Neither had she any doubt about the determination in her own mind.

During the past week, which had succeeded that night of bitter struggle, during which she had realised the strength of her love for Cayley and had at the same time bowed to its impossibility, she had found no employment which she could accept. Now that the week had passed, the time had come when she would have to take any offer of honest work that was made her. Before her lay a prospect of drudgery for a bare living. At the end of the week she was leaving No. 10, Bevington Gardens. For five years she had lived just within

her means, had made the most of life. She had learned enough to appreciate to the full the bitterness of all that she would soon begin to experience.

During the week that was past her pleasant friendship with Cayley had not been broken off. They had spent several evenings together. He would soon be going down to Hampshire, he had urged, and she had permitted herself a dangerous dalliance in the paths of joy. She was going to be asked to live in those paths for ever. But she would refuse.

When he came into the room, she greeted him with the frank pleasure of friendship. But his living presence was difficult to meet, and she almost trembled.

"You are going down to Hampshire suddenly?" she asked. "That is why you wrote asking me to be in this morning?"

As soon as she had spoken, she saw her mistake. She saw the surprise in his face.

"Would I have asked you to leave your work merely for that?" he said.

For a moment he paused, for a moment she hesitated wondering what reason she could give for having concealed her dismissal from Blackley's from him. Then he spoke with sudden directness.

"I will be plain," he said. "I have come this morning to ask you to be my wife. I am not speaking without thought, Mabel; will you accept my offer, will you give me something more than friendship? Will you give me love?"

He spoke earnestly, and it was easy to see that his love was real.

But, even as he spoke, he saw before him, instead of the radiant, happy girl he had known, a girl in whom the fire of life seemed to have died.

"Archie," she said, "there is a long distance—isn't there?—between friendship and love. We have been good friends. Don't ask anything more from me. Oh, don't take it like that, Archie. You will see afterwards that it is best——"

His face had grown suddenly old.

"You say we have been good friends," he said. "Surely, sometimes, in your thoughts, we have been something more. Come here into the light, where I can see your face, and swear to me that you have never thought of me as anything more than a friend. Then—I will go."

In his voice there was doubt. He caught her hand, and sought to lead her to the window. But she broke away from him.

"Sit down," she said, "I have something to tell you."

She sat down in one of the low wicker chairs. He remained standing in the window. Speaking quickly, in short, disjointed sentences, she told him of her dismissal from Blackley's, of her poverty, which she had concealed from him because she feared that he might think she sought his help, because she could not tolerate the thought of such help. She told him the bare truth.

He heard her out. Then he came and sat down in the chair at her side.

"Mabel, I have known you for more than a year," he began. "I love you, honestly and sincerely, with all my strength. What does it matter to me whether you have lost your post at Blackley's or not?"

The thought in Mabel Greenwood's mind was still one of self-sacrifice. Ought she not to save Cayley from himself?

"Your love for me will pass," she declared. "You see in me a pretty girl. You want our friendship to go a little further. For a time you think you love me, and therefore you offer me marriage. Believe me, between us, who are not equals, there can never be real love. In the end, there will only be regret."

But, even while she spoke, there was stealing into her mind the conviction that Cayley's love was deeper and stronger than she had ever thought it could be, and with this new conviction came a triumphant joy that well-nigh overwhelmed her. Perhaps, after all, there might be between them a strong, enduring love which would overcome everything.

And on his side, Cayley was beginning to suspect the truth. The nearer the truth he reached the greater his love became. If this girl loved him so greatly that, loving him, she was determined to sacrifice herself, then he had gained the greatest boon that can be given to man.

"Mabel, I want to know the truth," he demanded. "If you can swear to me that you have no love in your heart to give me I will go. But if not——"

He was searching her face. She remained silent. At last a crimson tide rose and overwhelmed her. For one swift instant she met his gaze. In that instant she stepped into the depths of joy.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



LAST week Mr. Frederick Harrison and the members of the Haymarket company were commanded to play before the King and Queen at Sandringham. This week it is the turn of Mr. Lewis Waller, who, with the members of the Lyric Theatre company, will journey to Windsor Castle on Friday to play "Robin Hood," in obedience to the royal command. In consequence of this arrangement the Lyric will be closed on that evening.

"See-See" will be withdrawn from the Prince of Wales's next Saturday.

Miss Lily Brayton has been the recipient of many congratulations on the remarkable escape she has had from what might have been a very serious accident. Happily, all is well that ends well, and Miss Brayton's striking beauty will in no way be marred by the wounds she received from the broken glass of the window of her brougham.

What is understood to be the dramatic culmination, if not of a direct, challenge, yet of a statement involving a challenge, will be presented at the Court Theatre next Tuesday afternoon, when Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Barker will produce Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest play. In the course of an article Mr. William Archer made certain comments as to Mr. Bernard Shaw's ability—or was it inability?—to write a play dealing with death. Inspired by the necessity of disputing this, Mr. Shaw went away and wrote "The Doctor's Dilemma," which is in five acts, thus apparently conforming with the old convention of tragedy.

People so often extol Mr. Shaw for his unconventionality that it is part of his humour to use conventionalities "with a difference," as that other dramatist whose name begins with Sha—once wrote. In "The Devil's Disciple," for instance, written avowedly for the late William Terriss, all the conventions of the Adelphi melodrama of the time were used, only they were not used in the accepted way.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" fully justifies its title so far as the doctor part is concerned, for doctors make up close on forty per cent. of the characters—to be exact, six medical men of various types figure among the fourteen characters. They will be played by Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. James Hearn, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. William Farren jun., and Mr. Ben Webster, and they range from the fashionable physician of the present day to the man who takes sixpenny fees. The only character to which exception may, in certain quarters, be taken, on the ground that it is ill observed, is the last, for the sixpenny doctor is by no means of necessity the least wealthy member of the profession. The only sixpenny doctor ever met by the present writer once declared that he made a very good living indeed, and would not exchange places on the score of income with some of the men in Harley Street, though he admitted that he had to work long hours in order to get through his practice. Among the other members of the clever company at the Court who will appear are Mr. Granville Barker as Louis Dubedat, a painter,

and Miss Lillah McCarthy as Jennifer Dubedat, so that the husband and wife in private life will again be the husband and wife on the stage.

In every production of "Macbeth" the method in which the Ghost of Banquo appears furnishes an interesting problem for the producer, who is called upon to decide whether the material figure shall sit in the vacant seat at the banquet; whether the chair shall remain untenanted, the representative of Macbeth relying on the power of his own imagination to conjure up the immaterial spirit so that the audience are almost hypnotised into the belief that they too see it with him; or whether, by means of some mechanical device, like that used for Pepper's Ghost, a tenuous figure shall occupy the seat. These problems have been well weighed by Mr. Bouchier, who produced the play at Stratford-on-Avon last night. In all the previous performances of "Macbeth" which he has seen, the appearance and disappearance of Banquo's Ghost have always seemed to him unconvincing and singularly poorly devised. He therefore set himself to remedy this and to make the Ghost as eerie as possible. His mode of overcoming the difficulty has been to present a figure which is visible but not tangible, sitting in Macbeth's chair, while subsequently Banquo appears standing in the middle of what is supposed to be a tapestry curtain.

In the old days Lock's music used to be advertised as an important feature of the tragedy. Entirely new music has, however, been written for Mr. Bouchier by Mr. Edmund Rickett, the musical director of the Garrick Theatre. The five acts of the play

will be represented in fourteen scenes, all of which have been painted by R. C. McCleery, and the costumes have been designed by Mr. Percy Anderson. The period is 1660.

To-morrow evening, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Miss Winifred

Emery will produce a new four-act play, "Her Son," by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, the author of such well-known novels as "The Hill," "Brothers," "The Face of Clay," etc. It will be acted continuously until the following Saturday week, after which, at Belfast and Dublin respectively, it will be played for half the week, the other half being given to "Olivia."

Although, did he so choose, Mr. Tree could go on playing "Colonel Newcome" for the remaining weeks of the year, and that to the satisfaction and delight of the public, he has resolved to obtain that mental rest which he finds not in indolence or repose, but in change of artistic work and environment. At the end of the present week, therefore, he will withdraw "The

Newcomes," and on Monday will produce "Richard II." for a run of three weeks. In this revival Miss Viola Tree will be the Queen, Mr. Lyn Harding will be Bolingbroke, Mr. Julian L'Estrange the Duke of Aumerle, Mr. Basil Gill the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Fisher White John of Gaunt—"time-honoured Lancaster"—and Mr. G. W. Anson the Gardener.



SUCCESSOR TO MISS JANE MAY AT THE VAUDEVILLE: MISS DORA DENTON, WHO IS NOW PLAYING LADY VIOLET GUSSOP IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR."

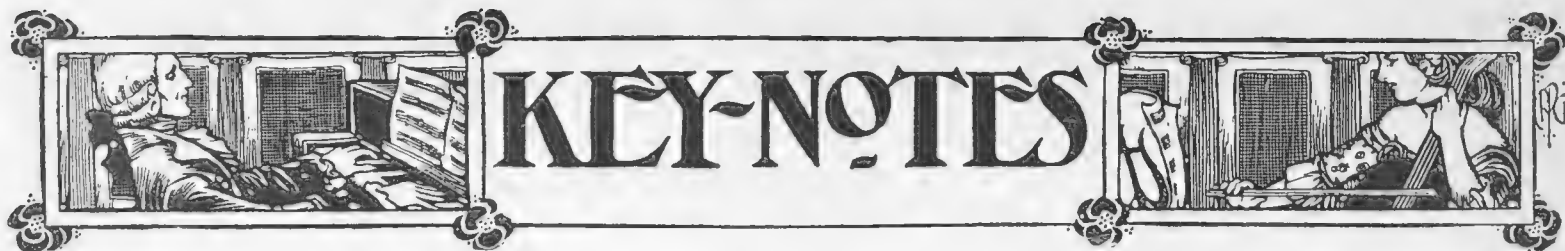
Miss Denton is a daughter of Mr. Charles St. John Denton, the well-known theatrical agent.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.



LIKE FATHER LIKE DAUGHTER: MISS MARJORIE SLAUGHTER, WHO HAS COMPOSED AN INTERMEZZO FOR THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Miss Slaughter is the daughter of Mr. Walter Slaughter, who is also shown in our photograph.

Photograph by the View and Portrait Supply Company



THE chief musical event of last week was the production at the Covent Garden Opera House of Signor Giordano's "Fédora," set to an Italian libretto, taken, of course, from the celebrated dramatic work of Sardou. The score identifies itself with the new Italian school, and at all times reminds one of such writers as Mascagni and Puccini. Of course, Covent Garden makes every new production beautiful by reason of the wonderful manner in which it mounts it and presents it. On this occasion Signor Mugnone conducted, and certainly showed a sympathy with the work which was quite remarkable. "Fédora," then, is a clever composition: it has much merit, in that it is scored with a real feeling for instrumentation, but it has no real sense of melody. When Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was first produced, one thoroughly understood that he had a gift of tune; when Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" was presented, the same fact was easily recognisable; but in the case of this opera, we have everything except that highest stage of music which has been made perfect by the great masters of melody. Signora Giachetti took the part of Fédora, and acted exceedingly well, singing also with a beautiful quality of voice. Signor Zenatello, in the part of Louis Ipanow, sang excellently, and Signor Scandiani was capital in the part of De Sirex. The other rôles were all well taken, and the mounting of the whole opera was altogether charming.

The performance of "Aïda," the other day, was in every respect excellent, once more under the conductorship of Signor Mugnone. Signora de Cisneros took the part of Amneris exceedingly well, and sang with just that pure quality of voice which Verdi obviously intended for the part. It had been announced that Madame Nordica would take the part of Aïda, but at the last moment this well-known singer felt too indisposed to interpret the character. Signora Scalar took her place, and sang with great ability; in fact, we have seldom seen or even heard a better Aïda upon the stage at Covent Garden. One word must be given in praise to the very beautiful scenery which the Covent Garden management provided for the public. Every effect of lighting and of colour was perfectly artistic, and it may be said that no better objective production of Verdi's opera could well be imagined. Signor Thos as the King and Signor Walter as Ramfis were capital, and the remainder of the cast was altogether pleasing and attractive.

Miss Muriel Foster has now finally closed her professional career as a singer. This is a matter of public regret, because she has become so great a favourite in the past few years that her audiences will not care to think that she will never again appear before them. It was at a Hallé Concert in Manchester that she took her final farewell, some few days ago. She will be remembered by everybody who has heard her sing, chiefly by her wonderful work in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." In this she was quite unsurpassable. Her sense of the real idea which Elgar had set before him seemed so spiritual, so remote,

and yet so naturally beautiful that it is impossible not to say that we have lost a very great artist by her retirement from public singing.

The first Symphony Concert of the present season was given at the Queen's Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra the other day, and was conducted by Richter. The chief triumph of the evening was the playing of this extremely fine band of Richard Strauss's "Don Juan." It was amazing to note how wonderfully up to date Richter still is, and how wonderfully he plays modern music with the same sensitiveness and intimate feeling as that which has made him so famous in his direction of Beethoven and Mozart.

The point is especially to be noted because of the magnificent interpretation which was given on this occasion of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The first movement under Richter's direction could not, in the estimation of the present writer, be excelled; all the difficulties and all the complexities of the score seemed to become nothing but a simple matter in his hands. One felt that this was precisely the manner in which the movement should be played, simply because Beethoven intended the Pastoral Symphony to belong to that out-of-door ideal which one associates with the grass, the flowers, the fruit, and the birds, all of which, according to his own statement, are represented in his work.

Mr. David Bispham has been so long away from England that it is interesting to notice that he is giving a recital at the Bechstein Hall very shortly, which includes in its programme Wildenbruch's "Witch Song," in which he has already made a great success across the Herring Pond. He is, so one learns, working very hard in the title-part of the forthcoming production of the new opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield," the music of which has been composed by Madame Liza Lehmann. Such a part should suit Mr. Bispham down to the ground. He has a dignity and a formal manner which should surely be identified with such a character as that of Goldsmith's Vicar.

One may trust that he will be as successful in this new production as he has been successful in works written by other masters.

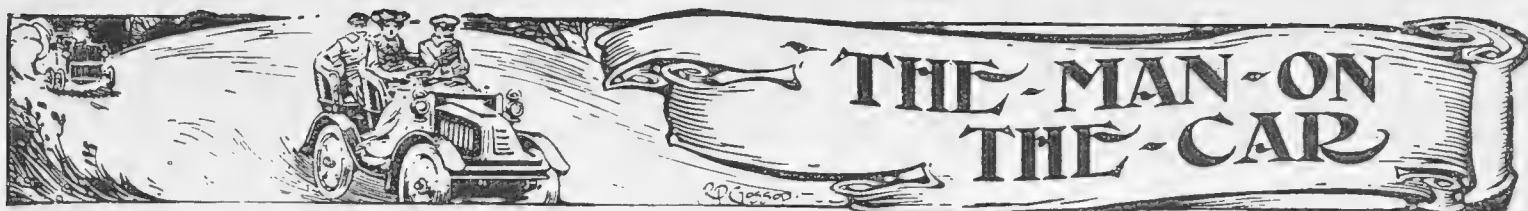
Madame Kirkby Lunn gave, a few days ago, at the Bechstein Hall, a vocal recital which was evidently enjoyed by a very large audience. She was greeted with much applause, and, indeed, she deserved it. Although her voice is somewhat cold, there is no question about the fact that she sings very artistically and with a determination to realise the exact intention and purpose of the composer as well as she is able. She sang Carissimi's "Vittoria" exceedingly well, and in two songs by Brahms she made really a popular success. Two ballads by Mr. Percy Pitt were also sung by her with much charm, and she showed her dramatic quality in her rendering of Weckerlin's "Maman, dites-moi," a song which gives an opportunity of expressing dramatic feeling without imposing too much upon the actual vocalisation of the singer. Madame Kirkby Lunn received quite a remarkable ovation at the conclusion of the concert.

COMMON CHORD.



A FAMOUS SINGER WHO HAS DECIDED TO RETIRE: MISS MURIEL FOSTER.

Miss Muriel Foster made her last professional appearance at the recent Hallé Concert in Manchester, for she has announced her intention of retiring. Her career has been most artistic, and her decision has been received with much regret. Her name has been largely identified with "The Dream of Gerontius" and Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody." [Photograph by Histed.]



THE CROMWELL PROTECTOR SCREEN—ANOTHER SAMUELS PATENT—ARGYLL MOTORS CONCENTRATE ON BODIES—EMANCIPATION RUN OFF—CHEAP ASSAULTS FOR THE CLERGY—EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINES.

CARRIAGE folk who, abjuring hippic haulage, turn them to motor-cars, clamour for limousines and landaulettes and other stuffy enclosures to be mounted on their chassis, while your real sporting motorist is prone to shy at a hood. All the same, for a right-down, thorough, through-and-through soaking, commend me to a fast drive through a steady downpour on an open car. It is then that the most sporting of motorists, the man who wills that nothing shall stand between him and the air, is apt to ponder the necessity of something that might rob the rain-streaks of their sting. Now that something is not far to seek, and it may be had in Messrs. Morgan and Co.'s Protector Wind-Screen, which will do more than many a protector, and does not rob motoring of its open-air repute. As the upper and vertical panel of this screen is brought some fifteen inches or so nearer the occupants of the front seat than any other screen, the created draught over the top not only carries the rain right over the heads of the passengers, but, the glass being so much nearer, the view forward is hardly blurred at all by the wet. Further, the form of the screen makes the front seat of an open car even warmer and more comfortable than the back, while goggles are rendered quite unnecessary.

Messrs. Morgan and Co. are now supplementing the Protector Wind-Screen with the new Cromwell Roller Hood, also the invention of Major Samuels. This takes the form of a square hood, which is unrolled from a handsome box-casing placed across the back of the car, and drawn out to stretch over a light, flat, detachable framework, to meet the top of a Protector Screen in front, and give complete protection without stuffiness to the occupants of the motor. It is provided with detachable side flaps, which roll up on the frame members and pack neatly away with the roof sheet in the rear box already referred to.

Except for small improvements in detail, the cars to be shown by Argyll Motors, Limited, at Stand 40 at Olympia, will not present any particular mechanical novelty. This important concern is now

a very important consideration when those who reside in the country desire to consecrate their coach-houses to the service of motor-cars. The above allotment of the motor, too, permits of roomy, luxurious bodies—a point which has great weight with carriage-owners making a change to self-propelled vehicles.

To-day—Emancipation Day—is, after all, to have no sort of road celebration whatsoever. The pioneers, who first contemplated a drive to Brighton, with that world-famous and most comfortable hostelry The Old Ship as an objective, later curtailed the proposal to Reigate and lunch, and now will confine themselves to a lunch at the Trocadero and nothing more. The Motor Union, which was not in existence when the Emancipation Act became law, holds a dinner in the evening of the same day, also to celebrate the occasion. The opening of the Exhibition at Olympia on the following day is responsible for the rescission of the pioneers' original programme for to-day. The show calls many of them with no uncertain voice.

When an ordained clergyman of the Church of England slashes a motor-driver across the face with his whip because the untamed pony the reverend gentleman is driving happens to dislike motor-cars, the condign punishment following upon such unprovoked and vicious assault is ten shillings and costs! One wonders whether it would have cost an untutored layman more, or what sum would have been demanded of a motor-driver had he been the striker and the parson the stricken.

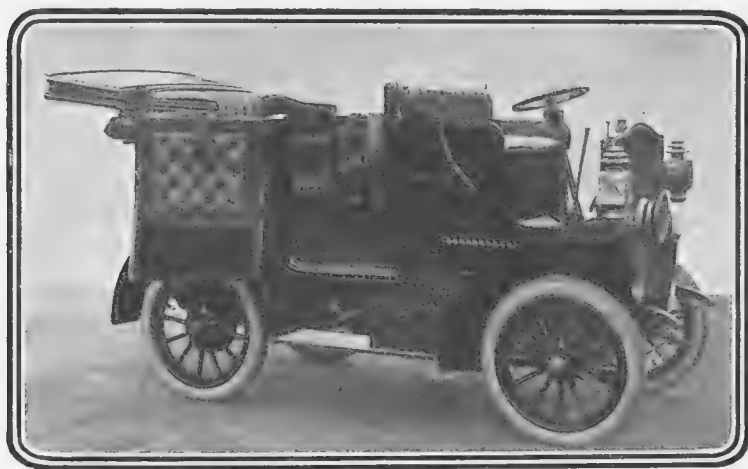
The eight-cylinder engine introduced last year by Messrs. Rolls-Royce does not now figure very largely in the public eye, although, to my mind, it was far and away the best design of eight-cylinder engine yet put forward. The conception of the vertical valve-chambers in connection with the inclined cylinders amounted to a stroke of engineering genius, and I marvel that this engine has not become more popular. It is certainly cousin-german to an electric-motor. But the show, which opens to-morrow, will have yet another design of eight-cylinder internal-explosion motor, in



THE CROMWELL ROLLER HOOD FOR THE MOTOR-CAR—CLOSED.



THE CROMWELL ROLLER HOOD FOR THE MOTOR-CAR—OPEN.



A LANDAULETTE THAT WILL TURN IN AN EXCEPTIONALLY SMALL SPACE: THE 14 TO 16-H.P. ARGYLL.

In this car, the engine is placed beneath the driver's seat, a move that makes it possible to turn the vehicle in a very small space—a matter well worth consideration.

turning its particular attention to the design and construction of closed carriages, such as motor-broughams and landaulettes. The most striking feature in connection with these specially designed vehicles is the placing of the engine in the centre of the frame, which permits a comparatively, but not too short wheel-base, making the cars very handy in traffic, and causing them to require little space in the garage—



THE MOTOR-BUS AS A PRIVATE VEHICLE: A DAIMLER 'BUS RECENTLY PURCHASED BY VISCOUNT BOYNE.

The 'bus is of 28-h.p., has an 11-foot wheel base, and a body of the Bedford type. The 'bus is painted red, lined with white, and has black mouldings. The fittings are of nickel.

the shape of the "Antoinette," a British edition of the French motor of this name, used by the leading French aeroplanists and aeronauts in their attempts to solve the question of aerial navigation. This particular motor is, however, built by the Adams Manufacturing Company, of Bedford, for car-propulsion, and is the most compact thing of the kind yet produced.

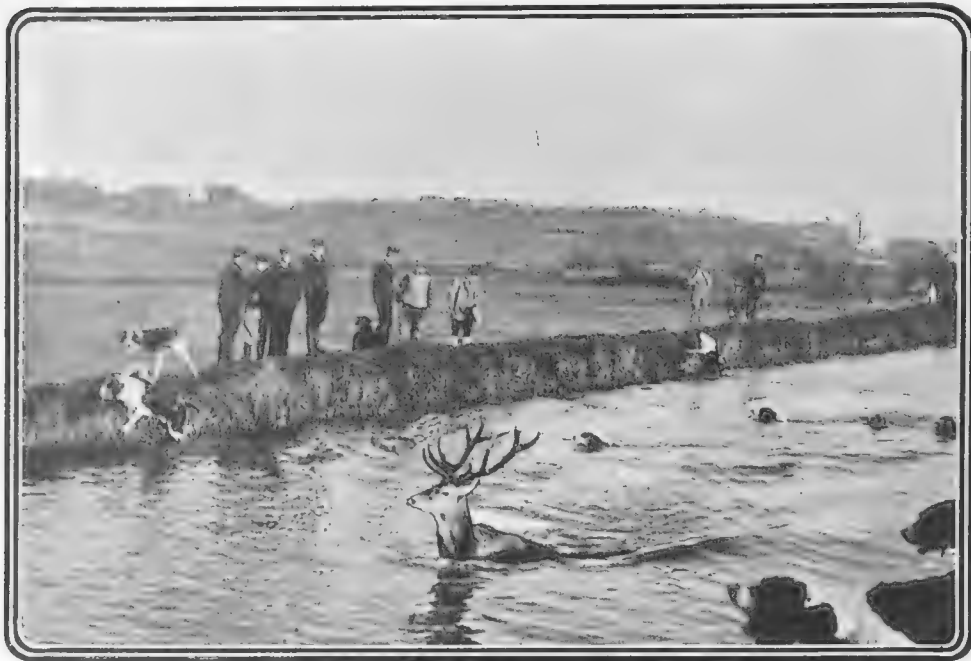
THE WORLD OF SPORT

NEARING THE END OF THE FLAT-RACE SEASON—INSURANCE: SOME ADVICE—TRAINERS.

THE flat-race season of 1906 will close at Manchester on Nov. 24. It is a matter for congratulation that this has been the best year on the flat experienced since the South African War broke out. True, the betting has not been as big as it was ten or twenty years ago, but the gates have been of a paying size, and the clubs boast a larger membership to-day than they have ever done before; and the fact that

some high-class selling races with good prizes offered. These would induce the owners of fairly good-class horses to run them, and then the fund would benefit materially.

It will be noticed that the amateur trainers have been very successful of late. The Hon. George Lambton has turned out a large number of winners from Stanley House this year, thanks in the main to their having been ridden by Maher. The Hon. Francis Lambton has also done good work for Sir E. Cassell, and a portion of the credit must be given to W. Leader, who acts as working manager of the stable. Halsey, who, in my opinion, has ridden successfully for the stable, will have to look out for another master next year, as his agreement with Sir E. Cassell ends next week. Halsey is one of the most reliable men we have. He began life as a butcher-boy, then acted as roughrider to the steeplechase horses trained by the late Stephen Woodland. After this he rode in steeplechases and flat races. Then he blossomed into a trainer of jumpers for Sir J. A. Miller, and eventually became a flat-race jockey pure and simple. He rode in the Derby and Grand National in the same year. But to the trainers. Major Beatty has struck a lucky patch lately for Lord Howard de Walden. The Major was at one time a successful rider under National Hunt rules. Captain Dewhurst, who devotes his attention in the main to jumpers, is a good trainer, and Mr. W. H. Schwind is very successful at the game. Major Edwards, who I am glad to see out and about once more, has not had an over-successful season, but he knows how to train, and his veterinary knowledge, so useful to him in the service, is available in the interests of his patrons at the present time. Mr. G. S. Davies, who has a large string of horses under his charge at Michael Grove, used to be an able rider under National Hunt rules. Mr. P. P. Peebles, who has worked such wonders with Velocity, is an able trainer. F. Hartigan has begun well as a trainer, and he is very likely to run Sir C. Nugent close at training winners over the sticks. Pride of place



NEARING THE END: A HUNTED STAG TAKES TO THE WATER.

Photograph by Branger.

over £1000 was taken at Newbury on the three days of the meetings for entrance by non-members to the club enclosure proves that many more of the general public go racing nowadays than did so in the long ago. A feature of the flat-racing season has been the luck of backers in big handicaps. The favourites have won with persistent frequency, which shows that amateur backers are fairly good judges of form after all. On the other hand, it goes far to prove that the handicappers are on occasion too lenient in allotting the weights to well-known public performers. True, in cases such as Velocity and Polymelus, we saw the result of wonderful improvement in horses that were at one part of their career under a cloud; but for the benefit of owners generally it should be writ large that horses should be weighted on their best and not on their worst form in all big handicaps.

No doubt the managers of the National Hunt fixtures will insure their meetings, as usual, against frost and snow; but I think that when this is done, the fact should most certainly be noted officially *pro bono publico*. We have before now seen meetings that might have been brought off abandoned with precipitate haste; and to obviate anything of the sort, I think a rule should be passed to prevent any declaration on the subject being made until the day fixed for the meeting to take place. Further, if an insured meeting is abandoned at the last moment, owners and trainers and jockeys ought to get their out-of-pocket expenses refunded out of the insurance-money. Thrift should be encouraged in all businesses, and I, for one, see no harm in the insurance of meetings; but the policy should never exceed in value the probable takings of the day. There could then be no direct incentive to abandon the fixture. It is generally reckoned that £300 must be taken at the gates to pay for an ordinary day's steeplechasing, and it is useless nowadays to expect much from the gates, as the class of platers contesting selling hurdle-races and selling steeplechases is of the very worst, unfortunately, throughout the winter season. We have to watch the leather-flappers beating one another week in and week out until the monotony becomes almost unbearable. The selling races are nowadays confined in the main to gamblers, many of whom know little or nothing of the racehorse except to use for a counter; and what is worse, they care less. What we want is



THE KING'S FAVOURITE SHOOTING-COB.

The cob is ridden by the King on the Heath at Newmarket, and also at Sandringham as a shooting-pony.

Photograph by W. A. Rouch.

belongs as a matter of course to Mr. P. P. Gilpin, who could give the professionals points and a beating at any time. A notice of the amateurs would be incomplete without a reference to the Hon. A. Hastings, brother-in-law to Mr. Willie Bass, who trained and rode Ascetic's Silver to victory in the Grand National this year. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SOME clever person has just invented a wave for the hair that is warranted to be permanent—so goeth gossip—and even renews its undulating allurements when washed, a treatment which usually has a quite contrary effect. How I wish that some other clever person would invent a permanent smile for frowning faces, a permanent kind word for the captious critic, a permanent courtesy

in the stalls with Mr. Sidney Greville and Lady Harrington, tall and dark, in white, and wearing her high diamond tiara. Lady Mowbray and Stourton, dressed in pale-pink satin, looked well, and amongst the pretty women was Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, wearing a charming dress of white lace under a long surtout of black net trimmed with velvet ribbons.

An attraction that will bring all adult as well as all juvenile London to Peter Robinson's Oxford Street Bazaar, this week (and after) is the underground palace of delights which is called "India and Switzerland," being a triumph of Toyland scenery which achieves the true local colour of both countries by magnificent reproductions of the great show places in each, with toy railways, toy bridges, toy boats, toy men and women, toy houses and castles and palaces and animals and what not. Verbs, adverbs, and common nouns pale before the delightful realism of this veritable fairyland, and those who miss seeing it between now and Christmas will lose one of the most charming sights ever vouchsafed to the great British Public. Everybody is invited to view the exhibition, while no one is bothered to buy, and sightseers need therefore fear no embargo on their pleasure in viewing this eighth wonder of London.

The First Empire period, while making a great departure in dress and furniture—as evidenced in the many classical mementoes of those great days of a great man—does not seem to have effected the transformation in styles of jewellery one would have expected, and the belles of Napoleonic days went on wearing the marcasite and other



[Copyright.]

LE DERNIER CRI.

for some of the mannerless people one knows. There would be a fortune in each for students and professors alike, and life would be infinitely more delightful under the effect of these mental undulations.

That such Utopian conditions could ever happen seems, in reviewing the list of one's acquaintances, the reverse of likely; but that everybody is externally at a much better "best" than ever before one has certainly to allow, thanks to dressmakers, beauty-doctors, hairdressers, and the rest of those who minister to the thousand wants of women, lovely or otherwise. To realise the true inwardness of Early Victorian ugliness in dress, furniture, and surroundings generally, one has to go back to the horsehair chair, woollen antimacassar, and wax-flowers-under-glass-shade period, of which we see a realistic presentment at the Garrick just now; while Miss Marion Terry's fascinating frocks as Peter's charming mother point the moral of our emancipated ways. From the tea-gown point of view, nothing could be more charming than the black-net coat over a white chiffon underdress, with its mauve ombre ribbons; while her pale-coloured cloth frock, in the second act, in Directoire style—not Empire, mark you—is among the daintinesses of this daintily delightful play.

Talking of old-fashioned things and ways, a very full house assembled to hear Melba on Thursday night in "Traviata," when all the well-remembered melodies of that perennial opera received their fullest meed of rapturous applause. Lady Crossley, dressed all in misty black, with a great osprey in her wonderful golden hair, sat



[Copyright.]

A COAT FOR THE CASINO.

styles of the Louis period bequeathed them by their ancestresses. It has remained for the Parisian Diamond Company to introduce in gems and gold the exquisitely decorative severity of that time applied to the jeweller's art, as witness the delightful Empire necklet, done in pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, which is shown on our pages this week. I can find no style which applies itself more "kindly" to

the gem-setter's art than this one of simply arranged laurel-leaves and the delightful, restrained embellishments of the Grecians.

To remind us that Christmas-time is walking towards us with both hands full of good things, Price's, the great candle-makers, have brought out a new and fragrant soap, which they name "Yuletide Complexion Soap" very happily. If there is a time when one's complexion is inclined to suffer, it must be at Christmas, when generous dieting and rioting bring bilious sorrows in their train. Therefore a Yuletide Complexion Soap which promises and performs the regeneration of our colouring deserves wide support, and will readily obtain it. Price's Lemon Juice Complexion Soap is another admirable specialty, the essential oil of lemon being one of the pure and emollient ingredients of which it is composed. These soaps can be had of any chemist, as well as the Buttermilk and Court Soaps, already old-established favourites, by the same makers.

For those—and they are many—who suffer from weak digestion Savory and Moore's Peptonised Cocoa and Milk is the ideal liquid with which to replace tea, coffee, and other drinkables that, however pleasant, bring trouble in their train. This cocoa, besides being fragrant and refreshing, is of immense value in enabling the dyspeptic to regain tone, strength, and cheerfulness. It should be a valued "fixture" in every house.

The "six days only" allotted from the 12th for Swan and Edgar's sale should be taken advantage of by those who want good clothes at the price of cheap, a combination which is ordinarily not possible. By the purchase of several manufacturers' stocks Swan and Edgar are enabled to offer extraordinary bargains in coats, costumes, furs, hats, as well as wearables for men and boys. Smart frocks and blouses are offered at really fabulously low prices. Silk skirts, gloves, dressing-gowns, and a hundred other desirable but ordinarily expensive possessions are available just for these remaining days at less than makers' prices, so it behoves all housewives to rake in as much hay as possible in the remaining sunshine left them, which extinguishes itself on Saturday next—17th of this month.

SYBIL.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A Real Blue Stocking. It was quite a field day for Féminisme when Professor Madame Curie began her course on Radium at the Sorbonne one day last week. The room where she lectures only holds three hundred people, but three thousand



AN EMPIRE NECKLET IN PEARLS, DIAMONDS, AND EMERALDS, REPRODUCED BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

tried to get in. The audience was nearly all composed of women. Is it rude to think that most of them did not understand the lecture? Madame Curie, who, as everybody knows, is the co-discoverer of radium, soared away over the heads of her audience as she lectured on "ions," the constituent parts of rays, and on the characteristics of radio-active substances. She is a wonderful woman is Madame Curie—the first lady to don the Professor's robe at the Sorbonne. She has found time to be a model mother as well as a distinguished savant. She has two tiny children, and she lives in a tiny house with a tiny *bonne* to wait on her. Everything is tiny about Madame Curie except her intellect, which is gigantic. Yet she has never asked for the vote. This learned lady, indeed, is one of the sort who never ask for anything except to be left alone to pursue her scientific work. People wished to thrust all sorts of testimonials at her, but she would have none of them, preferring to go on quietly with the lectures her husband, M. Pierre Curie, had inaugurated. Indeed, when she began her own course the other day it was exactly at the point where her husband had left off.

The Stage as Reformer.

In Paris, the stage preaches even more than the pulpit. They are always advancing some theory or other in the new plays; some social ninepin is set up to be bowled over. The latest example of it is "Biribi," now being played at the Théâtre Antoine. "Biribi" is the special company to which they send the soldier when he has offended against military law. He may be quite a good sort of chap, but if, in a fit of anger, his hand come in contact with the sergeant's cheek, then he is shipped to Biribi, wherever Biribi may happen to be. As a matter of fact, the disciplinary company has no fixed place, but is ordered here and there whenever there are roads to be made or bridges to be built in the colonial possessions of France. It is a terrible life, and the men are treated worse than convicts. It is to do away with the system that the play has been written, and a very lurid piece of stage work it is. Positively it makes you feel relieved that you are on the kindly boulevards instead of under the torrid sun of Africa, with two nigger-driving sergeants over you. It is not half unlikely that the new War Minister, General Picquart, will introduce a measure to do away with the African battalions, and thus the mission of the play will have been accomplished.



A LABEL TO LOOK OUT FOR: THE OUTER WRAPPER OF PRICE'S "YULETIDE COMPLEXION SOAP."

"On the Knee" Troubles.

The "kow-tow" to which the stokers at Portsmouth seem so greatly to object has produced pecks of trouble before now. The House of Commons has seen at its Bar a man swearing by all the saints that he would not bow the knee to it, and the Speaker declaring with equal vehemence that he should. The standing cause of difference between this country and China was this question of kneeling. Our Ambassadors would not do it; the Chinese Emperors would not forego it. Chinese were Celestial, pre-eminent; the rest were beyond the pale and must kow-tow. The kow-tow in the Navy is one of those old survivals which are interesting when traced to their source. The collar which the bluejacket wears is another. In the pigtail days our seamen dressed their hair with grease, and so soiled their uniforms. The deep blue collar was devised to keep the uniform clean. The pigtail has gone, but the collar remains. Soldiers' officers manage to give their orders and make their remarks, even when dismounted, without their men kneeling. That all said is heard is another matter. Wellington used to say that Napoleon's famous battle-field speeches were never heard by more than a few about him.

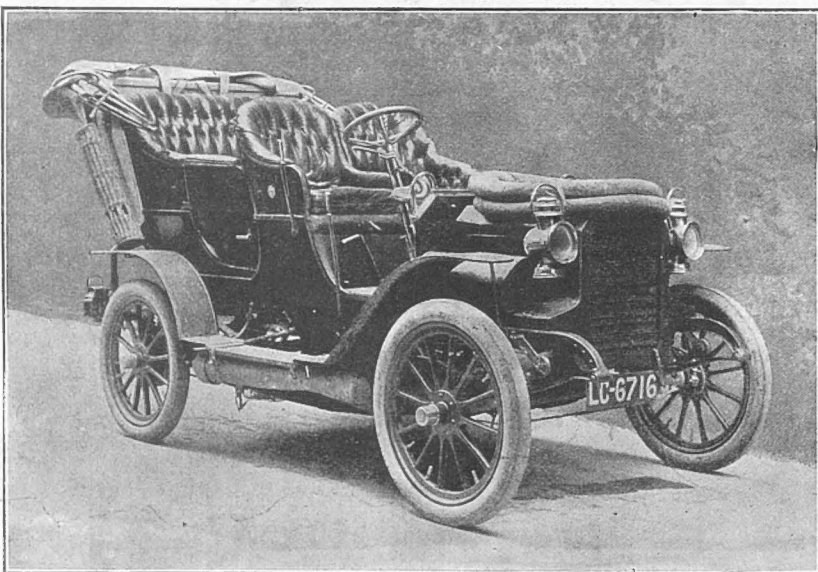
The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia asks us to say that there is no truth in the widely circulated statement that she is to be married again.

Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania, so well known in this country as "Carmen Sylva," requests us to say that our correspondent is in error in including her among Queens who smoke.

The very interesting sign showing Father Time and figures emblematical of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, has place over the business premises of Mr. G. A. Baker, F.S.M.C., goldsmith, silversmith, and watchmaker, at Gloucester.

Miss Robertson Grimston, daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, has just been specially engaged by Mr. Louis Calvert to understudy Miss Ruth Vincent in "Amasis," at the New Theatre.

The photograph of Miss Mabelle Gilman published in the last Issue of *The Sketch* was by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, not by Messrs. Ellis and Walery.



THE 16-H.P. REO THAT HAS DONE A JOURNEY OF OVER 10,000 MILES.

Captain Henry Metcalfe recently completed a six months' motor-tour of Great Britain on the 16-h.p. Reo illustrated above. Our photograph was taken at the premises of Messrs. Reo Motors, Limited, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, and shows the car just as it arrived in London after its journey of 10,000 miles. The car behaved exceedingly well throughout the trial, and climbed every hill it met, including many in the most mountainous districts of Devon and Wales. The tour as a whole was made over average country roads at top gear, and at over twenty-five miles to the gallon. At the end of the tour Captain Metcalfe said, "The car has served me admirably, and I have yet to see a car anything like the price and size for which I would exchange mine."

CITY NOTES.

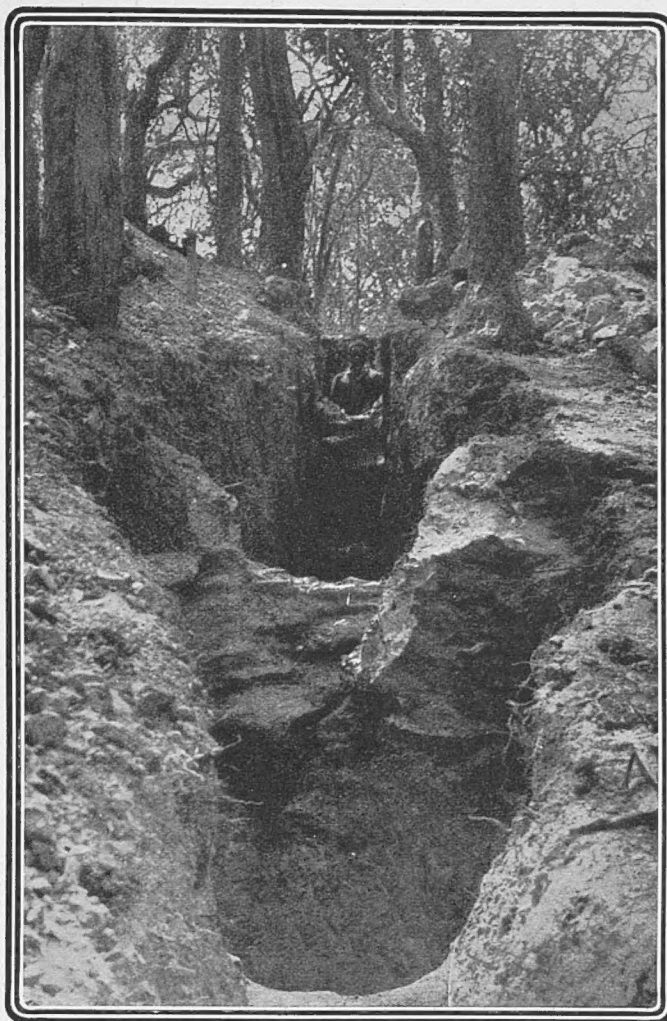
*The Next Settlement begins on
Nov. 27.*

THE MARKETS AND THE PRICE
OF MONEY.

THE improved Bank return is somewhat reassuring, and although here and there croakers may be found who profess to believe in a further rise of the minimum, the general impression is that we have seen the worst, and shall get through without a 7 per cent. rate. At the same time, easy money can hardly be expected for the rest of the year, as our readers may surmise when we say that a well-known bank doing business with Egypt offered a customer of theirs 5½ per cent. for a balance he had with them till Jan. 15 next. With the discount houses offering 4½ per cent. and willing to give even higher rates for money at thirty days' call, it is hardly to be expected that the Stock Markets will be active or lively, for it is clearly not conducive to investment, or, for that matter, even speculation, that deposits should command such rates.

NITRATE RESULTS.

Your readers will, I hope, have been satisfied with the reports and dividends of the *Liverpool* and *Colorado Nitrate* Companies. As I have been persistently recommending the shares for the past eighteen months it is naturally gratifying to me to see that my anticipations have been more than fulfilled. The net profits



TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS: TRENCH ON THE REEF CHIENZI
LOCATIONS.

of the two Companies for the past three years have been as follows—

	Year ending June 30, 1904.	1905.	1906.
Liverpool Nitrate	£39,312	£56,711	£70,030
Colorado Nitrate	£15,431	£17,134	£125,323

Both Companies are paying a final dividend of 30s. per share, making 45s. for the year in the case of the *Liverpool*, and 40s. in the case of the *Colorado* Company. Some slight disappointment appears to have been caused in the market by the *Liverpool* dividend, a few sanguine spirits having expected as much as £3 for the year. I think, however, it will be found that there is no ground whatever for disappointment when the report and future prospects are considered. It must be remembered that, whatever profits have been earned for last year, a larger sum may be confidently expected for 1906-7, for the simple reason that the Companies have been able to sell their output at a considerably higher price. It follows that a larger dividend than 45s. may be expected on *Liverpool* shares next year, although the *Colorado* dividend may possibly not be increased until all the Debentures have been paid off. *Liverpool Nitrate* shares stand at £22½ cum dividend of 30s., or £21 ex. dividend, at which price the return, even at the present rate of dividend, is 10½ per cent, while if, as I anticipate, the dividend for next year be increased to £3, the return will be as much as 14 per cent. While, therefore, I think that *Colorado* shares are perhaps high enough in the neighbourhood of £20, I shall not be surprised to see *Liverpool* shares nearer £30 in the course of the next twelve months. There is one other point on which it is possible that something may be said at the meeting on the 15th inst. It will have been noticed that although the Company now has a reserve fund of £44,000, equal to the whole issued capital of the Company, and although the whole cost of maintaining the machinery and plant in efficient working order is charged to revenue account, a sum of £22,000 is placed to depreciation account. This is exactly £1 per share, and it may possibly be the intention of the directors to return another £1 of capital to the shareholders. The shares were originally £5 shares, and £3

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(AREA 70,000 SQUARE FEET).

Situated in HEART of the WEST END.

Open DAY and NIGHT.

THREE SEPARATE ENTRANCES.

ACCOMMODATION FOR OVER 500 CARS.

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LIFT TO ALL
FLOORS.

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GARAGE.

STORING.

PRIVATE
LOCKERS FOR
CLIENTS.



DEPARTMENTS:

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devoted to
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Upholstery, and
Painting of
Cars.

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Engineering
Equipment for
any kind of
Repairs to all
makes of Cars.

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LESSONS IN DRIVING AND CONSTRUCTION.

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Telephone: 7681 Gerrard

Telegraphic Address: "MITCHMOGAR."

AND AT

Stand No. 121a, OLYMPIA.

per share was returned in 1905, reducing the shares to their present denomination of £2. If this surmise should prove correct, it will constitute a handsome bonus to the shareholders, without, of course, in any way affecting the future earnings of the Company.

Nov. 10, 1906.

AMERICANS AND MONEY.

Try as they may, the market leaders on the other side do not seem able to force prices upwards against the dead weight of stiff money. It is quite natural that money should have hardened up considerably in Wall Street, although it is said that shiploads of shares are now on their way to the American purchasers who have hitherto been pawning them in London. Of course, money cannot be tight for ever, but it may be some time before the Bank Rate sobers down to a more workable level. Until then, the market is likely to continue in a state of suspended animation. The results of the recent elections provided no particularly strong point for either party. While to some extent they were a moral victory for the Democratic, Anti-Trust side, they removed the danger of new political upheavals for very nearly two years, and it will only need some new sensation in Wall Street for the elections to be forgotten as a factor. Money fears, like the poor, are always with us, and for some time to come they are likely to be a determining factor in the American market, and one that the New York Bank return does not do anything to allay.

FOREIGN BONDS.

For Russians to have relapsed after their sudden accession of strength at the end of October has come as rather a disappointment to many holders who were looking for a rise to par. But although a feeling of confidence has recently been returning in the finances of Russia, to the great bulk of investors Russian securities are still caviare. The risk attaching to them is too much of a luxury for many a speculative investor to accept. One point constantly dwelt upon is the fact that Russia has never defaulted, and this is a strong argument with those who justify the holding of the Bonds. The last issue of Russian 5 per cent. scrip was, of course, made at 89, so that at 7 discount the yield comes to 6 per cent. on the money. While other loans are talked about, the Russian Government denies their immediate necessity, but nobody would be surprised to see a new issue after the turn of the New Year. With the relapse of Russians has come a break in Japanese Bonds which is difficult to account for upon the grounds of the conversion schemes which are being discussed. It seems much more likely that the fall has been brought about by the Money Market conditions, added to the knowledge that the other half of the latest 4 per cent. loan will be in the market before long. Considering the excellence of the security,

the first series of the 4½ per cent. bonds are as cheap as anything that can be found in this department.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Walking down Cornhill the other night there was a paper-boy with a poster, "Mining Carry-Over Rates." It was the *Evening News* which this sensational announcement advertised. I turned into Throgmorton Street wondering what the next "horrible financial reverberations"—on a poster—would be. An *Evening News* placard there was. It said "Liverpool Cup. Result." Another paper-boy came up with the same paper. His placard said something about an actress and a millionaire: "Life in the West End." I looked, for curiosity's sake, all down Throgmorton Street for "Mining Carry-Over Rates." But it wasn't there. Can it be that the paper-boys are smarter than their masters in knowing what sort of placard sells their wares in Throgmorton Street?

Three months hence, we shall all be speculating upon the possible measure of relief which the Budget may have to afford us in the way of income-tax reduction. It is a deceptive and a grievous thing—that tax. Not enough notice is taken of it when the yield upon stocks or shares is being reckoned. Take Mexican Railway 6 per cent. Debenture stock. The price at 150 would appear, mathematically and casually, to allow a buyer 4 per cent. exactly on his money. But there is six shillings income-tax to come off the dividend, and, allowing for this, the price must fall 7½ points—to 142½—before the round 4 per cent. is obtained. The illustration, by the way, serves as a reminder that Mexican Railway Debenture now stands about 145, with 3 per cent. (£2 17s., to be precise) coming off the price in the middle of December. As a safe and a good 4 per cent. investment, the stock is excellent.

While, for more speculative purposes, the Second Preference should be bought upon any sort of relapse. This pay-day the price goes ex. 1½ dividend, and if Mexican Seconds fall to 70 you should buy them. The line is doing well; it will save some £17,000 by the use of oil-fuel; its management is conservative and good. The full 6 per cent. dividend on the stock is within every range of early possibility, and admitting that any company working in a country like Mexico is liable to natural phenomena, as a speculative investment, both the First and Second Preference are cheap to take up. To take up, I repeat, and must request any bucket-shop which does me the honour to convert advice given here into an engine of destruction via options and such-like traps, to lay due stress upon the words italicised if the advice be quoted.

What one would greatly like to see is a revival in low-priced Industrials. It is all very well for Hudson's Bays to go bounding up, but the average investor hasn't got Hudson's Bays. He is far more likely to hold miscellaneous shares, such as Bovills or Liptons or Vickers, Schweppes, Cargo Fleets, or Nelsons. These are the things which never seem to move much; Cargo Fleets, of course, were better a little while ago, and I trust that many shareholders took the opportunity of realising a risky investment. Nelsons are another thing which make a doubtful holding, but the others are good types of Industrial shares which appeal to the public and yet rarely enjoy any improvement in their prices. Why this should be I, for one, cannot tell—should like the reason explained to me, if anyone will be so kind as to send one along.

Bank shares are on the down-grade, it may have been noticed. This is caused by the monetary outlook. In spite of the handsome profits that the banks are securing out of the deposit accounts, the market looks apprehensively at the price of Consols. In the banks' books Consols stand at 85. A rise in the Old Lady's minimum to 7 per cent would probably mean Consols getting pretty close to 85, and the Banks, it is generally expected, might write their Goschens down to 80—a drastic step.

You have heard that little story of an old member of the House, justifiably

(Continued on Page XII.)

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List will be open Thursday, Nov. 15, 1906, and close for Town and Country on or before Monday, Nov. 19, 1906.

The Complete Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

THE LANDAUETTE MOTOR CAB COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

CAPITAL - - - - £75,000.

DIVIDED INTO 75,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH.

ISSUE OF 70,000 SHARES,

The whole of which, with the exception of the amounts payable for preliminary expenses of forming and issuing the Company and guaranteeing Capital, will be available as Working Capital. PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS: 5s. per Share on Application; 5s. per Share on Allotment; and the balance as may be required.

DIRECTORS.

T. BROWNELL BURNHAM, Plaw Hatch, East Grinstead (Director American Brass Company). E. D. HOLMES, 11, Victoria Street, Westminster (Partner in the firm of W. C. Holmes and Co., Constructional Engineers, London and Huddersfield).

AUGUSTUS PERENO, "The Limes," Grosvenor Road, Gunnersbury (Managing Director of The Farman Automobile Company, Limited).

SYDNEY J. MOWBRAY (Managing Director of Stanley and Co., Limited, Advertising Contractors, 190 and 200, Strand, London, W.C.).

BANKERS.—BRITISH LINEN BANK, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—POOLE AND ROBINSON, 15, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C.

BROKERS.—GARRATT, WARDELL, and WESCOTT, 58, Old Broad Street, E.C.

AUDITORS.—WYATT WILLIAMS and CO., Chartered Accountants, 14, Ironmonger Lane, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro. tem.).—STANLEY H. BERSEY, A.C.A., 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to take over the benefit of a contract with the Farman Automobile Company, Limited, whereby the latter undertake to supply, at the rate of twelve a month, at the price of £300 each, up to 150 of their "Mascot" Cars of a design specially suitable for cabs for public and private hire, and also to take over the benefit of an option to take a lease of premises at Caroline Place, Fulham Cross.

The cabs will be of 8-10 h.p., geared to 4, 12, and 18 miles and upwards an hour; the bodies will be of the landauette type, and in appearance similar to the electric landaulettes which have been so much in favour with the public.

The option over the premises at Caroline Place, Fulham Cross, S.W., is for a lease for ninety years at the low rental of £200 per annum. They are well adapted for the business proposed to be carried on, have a floor space of over 10,000 square feet, and with slight alterations can be made into a good garage, large yard, store-rooms, offices, &c.

The motive power of the cab will be petrol, of which there will be carried sufficient for 150 miles.

The engine will be the world-famed "Aster," and the arrangements of gear, control, and general detail of construction will be simple and effective. The cab can carry five persons in addition to the driver, with provision for luggage, and will be constructed to comply with the latest regulations of the Scotland Yard authorities.

A contract for a number of the cabs has already been made by the Farman Automobile Company, Limited, for service in Cairo.

Of the 150 cabs to be constructed, it is proposed to run 100 as public cabs with a TAXIMETER attached.

The taximeter is an automatic register of the distance covered, and is in full view of the passenger, showing, at the end of the journey, the amount to be paid, so that no discussion as to the amount payable to the driver (which will be the same as the existing cab fares under the Hackney Carriage Act) is possible.

A vehicle capable of covering great distances in a short time, clean, smart, comfortable, and attractive, and running at precisely the same fares as the existing cabs, should be a commercial success.

CABS FOR PRIVATE HIRE.—The letting out of petrol motor cabs on hire is a business that has not yet been developed on a large scale in London, but it is believed it would be well patronised by the public and should prove profitable. The Company proposes to set apart fifty cabs for private hire.

Mr. Augustus Pereno, the Managing Director of the Farman Automobile Company Limited, has made a careful estimate, and the following is a copy of his report—

To the Directors, THE LANDAUETTE MOTOR CAB CO., LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have carefully estimated the takings and expenses on the running of 100 8-10 h.p. "Mascot" petrol cabs for public hire, and 50 8-10 h.p. "Mascot" petrol cabs for private hire, and I am of opinion that the following figures are a fair estimate of such takings and expenses—

1.—100 CABS FOR PUBLIC HIRE.

On a basis of 300 days per cab per annum and taking 30s. per cab per day as a reasonable estimate, the takings would be per annum

Deduct drivers' wages, say one-fourth of the earnings per day as indicated by the taximeter £45,000 0 0

... .. 11,250 0 0

£33,750 0 0

RUNNING EXPENSES PER ANNUM, TAKING THE DAILY

AVERAGE MILEAGE PER CAB AT 60 MILES.

Petrol, 20 miles to the gallon per cab	£30 0 0
Lubricants, 200 miles to the gallon per cab	9 0 0
Pneumatic tyres per cab	50 0 0
Insurance per cab	12 0 0
			£101 0 0

For 100 cabs the running expenses would therefore be £10,100 0 0

REPAIRS AND RENEWALS.

Depreciation, £50 per annum, or one-sixth of cost	£5,000 0 0
price of each cab, would be on 100 cabs	4,000 0 0
Repairs, 100 cabs at £40 per annum	4,000 0 0
			9,000 0 0

Estimated gross profit on cabs for public hire £14,650 0 0

2.—50 CABS FOR PRIVATE HIRE.

On a basis of 120 days only per cab per annum, and taking the low all-round rate of four guineas per day, the gross revenue derived from 50 cabs would be £25,200 0 0

RUNNING EXPENSES PER ANNUM, TAKING THE DAILY

AVERAGE MILEAGE PER CAB AT 60 MILES.

Drivers' wages per day, 7s. 6d. per cab	£45 0 0
Petrol, 20 miles to the gallon per cab	12 0 0
Lubricants, 200 miles to the gallon per cab	3 12 0
Pneumatic tyres per cab	50 0 0
Insurance per cab	12 0 0
			£122 12 0

For 50 cabs the running expenses would therefore be £6,130 0 0

REPAIRS AND RENEWALS.

Depreciation, £50 per annum, or one-sixth of cost	£2,500 0 0
price of each cab, would be on 50 cabs	2,000 0 0
Repairs, 50 cabs at £40 per annum	2,000 0 0
			4,500 0 0

Estimated gross profit on cabs for private hire £14,570 0 0

Total estimated gross profit £29,220 0 0

Yours faithfully, A. PERENO.

From the above figures, showing the probable trading profits, have to be deducted the working and other expenses, which have been estimated as follows—

Rent and Taxes	£250 0 0
General Manager	300 0 0
Yard Superintendent £200, and Assistant £150	350 0 0
Washers and Attendants, 30 men at 30s. per week	2,340 0 0
Secretary and Office Staff	750 0 0
General Expenses, including Licenses, Rent of Taximeters, &c	2,000 0 0

Estimated Gross Profit, as above £5,990 0 0

Less Expenses, as above £5,990 0 0

£23,230 0 0

To pay a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Share Capital of the Company only £11,250 are required, thus £11,980 are left over for Reserve Fund, Directors' Fees, and further dividend on Shares.

The preliminary expenses in connection with the promotion of the Company (except underwriting commission and brokerage hereinafter mentioned) are estimated to amount to £5,000.

The minimum subscription upon which the Company may proceed to allotment is fixed by the Articles of Association at 1000 Shares, but, in fact, 15,000 Shares have been underwritten.

Mr. T. B. Burnham is Chairman, and Mr. Augustus Pereno Managing Director of the Farman Automobile Company, Limited, and they hold respectively 3088 Shares and 13,424 Shares of £1 each in that Company out of an issued Capital of 47,824 Shares of £1 each.

Application for a special settlement in the Company's Shares on the Stock Exchange will be made in due course.

Contracts referred to in the Prospectus and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company may be inspected by intending applicants for shares at the Solicitors' offices, on any day before the closing of the list of subscriptions, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

For contracts entered into and the Articles of Association as to the qualification and remuneration of Directors, see full Prospectus.

Application for shares must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded with a deposit of 5s. per share to the Bankers of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the office of the Company, and of the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Auditors of the Company.

If no allotment is made, the application money will be returned in full. If an allotment is made of a smaller number of Shares than is applied for, the balance of the application money will be applied in payment of the amount due on allotment.

The Company will pay a brokerage of 6d. per Share on all Shares applied for and allotted on application forms bearing brokers' stamps.

Dated, Nov. 14, 1906.